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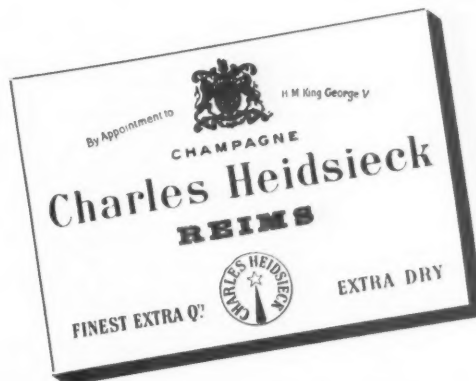
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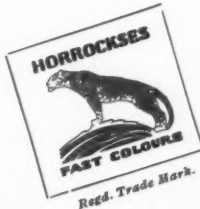
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COUNTRY LIFE

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THE EXPANSION OF EFFICIENCY

WHILE awaiting the passing of the old year and the coming of the new, it is customary for the industrious journalist to compile a history in *petto* of the twelve months that have gone to swell the aggregate of time passed. Such a review, confined within the space at our disposal, would, of necessity, be either perfunctory or a dry recital of a string of facts. Instead of attempting a task equally unsatisfactory and distasteful, it may be of greater interest to direct attention to the wonders of the year through which we have been travelling. They are all the greater because of their unexpectedness. Attention has, to a large extent, been concentrated on signs and portents, such as the prophets of old associated with the end of all things—wars and rumours of wars, earthquakes and other dire catastrophes, unrest, change, crumbling of great nations, trade depression, unemployment. What astonishes is that amid these terrible distractions, the human race, with hope, ardour and unwavering faith in its own future, quickened rather than dulled by the dread experience of the Great War, has marched forward in triumph to subdue and bring into use natural forces that previously were regarded as mysteries beyond human ken or influence.

Needless to say, the potentialities of electricity, for example, were not discovered in 1923, but the knowledge

of them has been extended and classified and made applicable to practical use. The ordinary average man, always more than a little quotidian, accepts the fact and forgets the miracle. He welcomes the extension of electric lighting and reads with avidity of the schemes afoot to generalise its use, and occasionally turns his thoughts to grumbling criticism—the age-long prerogative of Englishmen—but mere admiration he treats as though it were time lost. Seldom does the thought dawn upon him that "light, more light" must exercise a far-reaching influence upon efficiency and civilisation. He gets the appropriate fittings put up to "listen-in," but scarcely perceives that here is an instrument more potent than telephone or telegraph for bringing into close communication not only the inhabitants of this misty isle, but all the nations of the earth. Yet, in the course of the General Election he had proof and to spare of the extent to which it multiplies the audience of the public speaker and increases the range of his influence.

One doubts whether he even appreciates that romance of the highway which is being unrolled before him. Nothing of similar importance in that kind has occurred since the roadmaking of the Romans, those strangers in a strange land, who, no doubt to the amazement of the native races, looked at England as a whole and constructed solid roads through the length and breadth of the kingdom; yet, their achievement was not greater than that contemplated by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who advocates the construction of a great road for motor traffic between London and Liverpool. In advocating his scheme he brought forward some statistics that proved conclusively that the revolutionary changes in transport make such roadmaking necessary. The figures he adduced were stupendous. Between 1913 and 1922 the traffic radiating from Liverpool increased from 884,208 tons to 9,326,928 tons. In Hampshire the traffic in motor vehicles increased from 24,859 tons in 1911, to 176,302 tons in 1922. The average main road right out in the country bears motor traffic to the extent of 5,000 tons a day or 200 tons an hour. Figures such as these show how urgent is the traffic problem. All that is needed is that we should go on with confidence. Set the unemployed to the work of constructing or reconstructing roads; all this traffic means business, and the improvement of communication is one of the certain paths to prosperity.

To other miracles eye and ear have grown so accustomed that they have ceased to excite surprise. Not so long ago the sight of aircraft passing overhead used to focus every eye; now the aeroplane pursuing its course far above the highest spires and towers excites no more attention than the puff of a railway engine, yet here is a means of transport that has been brought to an unexpected efficiency. We want no more war; but, did one occur, the swift and well controlled aeroplanes of the day would be very different from those employed in the Somme Valley. The submarine might be mentioned in the same terms, but it is the triumph of peaceful, not military, progress that at the moment is the more interesting. Yet, to the war must be attributed one of the greatest advances made in recent years. We refer to its effect on the art of healing. It led in the first instance to increased despatch and efficiency in the healing of wounds; but progress did not cease there. Triumphs in surgery suggested a new study of medicine, with the result that mere guesswork in the diagnosis of certain maladies has been replaced by definite scientific knowledge, with the result that in many cases the incurable have become curable. It is true that many baffling problems still confront the physician, but the victories won are of good augury.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Viscountess Allendale, with her little son, forms the frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Lady Allendale, who is the elder daughter of Sir Charles Hilton Seely, Bt., was married in 1921.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES.

THE energy which the railway companies are showing in regard to the provision of work for the unemployed is most laudable. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company contemplate a total expenditure of £1,000,000. The contracts placed in the past few days have included such orders as four new steamers, steel rails to the value of £1,000,000, fifty locomotives, one hundred and fifty locomotive boilers, four thousand mineral wagons and one thousand merchandise wagons. Now, it is easy to see that work of this kind must have a far-reaching effect upon the population, especially carpenters and engineers. Hands engaged in the construction of rails and wagons must vary their assiduous labour by eating, drinking and finding relaxation and enjoyment: this means that their wages, by a natural process, are spread over the whole population to the general benefit. We know that home trade is much more important than foreign trade; the effect cannot be otherwise than highly beneficial, and the other railways are working on the same lines as the company we have mentioned. It should not be forgotten that this is not work created simply to keep men employed, but of a very remunerative character. It may be expected to bear good results to the railway companies at no distant date.

HOW Christmas was celebrated eighty years ago is told most divertingly in one of the family letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, the leading feature of the *Cornhill* for January. Dickens in the part of a conjuror is one of the most delicious of the *dramatis personæ*; we should like to have seen him "with a plum pudding made out of raw flour, raw eggs—all the raw usual ingredients—boiled in a gentleman's hat—and tumbled out reeking—all in one minute before the eyes of the astonished children and astonished grown people!" Then the dancing must have been more amusing than any fox-trot or jazz of the present day—a son of Robert Burns, old Major Burns, with his one eye, old Jordan of the *Literary Gazette*, "the gigantic Thackeray, etc., etc., all capering like *Mænades*!" However, after supper the climax was reached "when we were all madder than ever with the pulling of crackers, the drinking of champagne, and the making of speeches." Forster, who was to become the biographer of Dickens, "*seizing me round the waist, whirled me into the thick of it, and made me dance!!* like a person in the tread-mill who must move forward or be crushed to death. Once I cried out 'Oh for the love of Heaven let me go! You are going to dash my brains out against the folding doors!' To which he answered—(you can fancy his tone)—'Your brains!! who cares about their brains here? Let them go!!'" And still the fun grew faster and more furious till it rose "into something not unlike the *rape of the Sabines*!" It went on till twelve o'clock, after which "Dickens took home

Thackeray and Forster with him and his wife 'to finish the night there.'"

JANE seems to have enjoyed it thoroughly, if we are to judge by her comment, "After all, the pleasantest company, as Burns thought, *are the blackguards!*" She defines the last word as meaning "those who have just a sufficient dash of blackguardism in them to make them snap their fingers at *ceremony* and 'all that sort of thing.'" She triumphantly questions "if there was as much witty speech uttered in all the aristocratic, conventional drawing rooms thro'out London that night as among us little knot of blackguardist literary people who felt ourselves above all rules, and independent of the universe!" People sometimes talk as though literary Bohemia were an invention of yesterday, but in the first half of the nineteenth century those who dwelt in it included the *élite* of the literary world.

IN spite of the determined effort to be cheerful on the part of the Ministry of Agriculture, the position in regard to foot-and-mouth disease continues to be very serious. In order to prevent the spreading of the disease an Order has been issued forbidding hunting in an infected, prohibited or controlled area. It affects every form of the sport, as will be seen from the animals that must not be chased either with hounds or dogs. They are, deer, fox, otter, badger, hare, rabbit and all other wild animals or vermin. What these restrictions mean becomes evident when we know that in England and Wales there are twenty-three counties in which cattle can only be moved under licence. A few of them—Cambridge, Lincolnshire, Suffolk and Yorkshire—it is true, are only affected in parts; in Scotland twelve counties are affected, Aberdeenshire and Banffshire only in part. Coursing and racing are forbidden as well as hunting: and still the Ministry of Agriculture goes on with its, perhaps necessary, but relentless and costly policy of slaughter, the idea being to kill the animals so quickly as to get in front of the disease. Every now and then a ray of hope is permitted to emanate from the Ministry, but that is only that it may be darkened again by the notice of new outbreaks. It is most disappointing that, after all the money that has been sacrificed in the temples of research, the oracles are dumb. Science is baffled in its chase of the minute organism from which the disease comes.

YEAR'S END.

Lord, I have loved all things Thy word made lovely:
Wind in the barley, green of new-born bracken,
Poppies aflame, and rain-washed almond-blossom,
Daybreak and sundown;
Sea-foam on sun-bright shores, and waveless waters
Mirroring noon beneath Thy hills' high silence;
Untrodden snow, the woodland's frostbound wonder,
Cloud-rift and starshine.
Lord, I give thanks for earth's unending beauty,
Glad of all these, and gladder for Thy giving
Laughter, and love of friends, and breath to praise Thee,
Seeing Thy glory.

ANGELA GORDON.

MUCH is expected from M. Rimbart, who has been appointed Food Director in France, where it has been found that commissions and sub-commissions labour intensely at collecting heaps of information, but are unable to suggest any practical remedy. M. Rimbart says that he will begin his duties with bread, and not until wheat prices have been stabilised will he lay his axe to the foot of the other trees of extortion. He declares himself neither Free Trader nor Protectionist, but opportunist, a principle which he may well adhere to in the circumstances. His first job will be to put an end to the frenzied speculation in flour, and his first endeavour will be to prevent it and other foodstuffs from rising in price. He has a difficult task before him; but the way he is setting about it holds out good prospects of its performance in a statesmanlike and masterly manner.

THE idea of competitions in literature at the Olympic Games may appear at first sight a little incongruous. Yet, in fact, there is the best possible warrant for them when we recall Pindar's odes at the ancient games. The field is certainly a wide one, for medals will be awarded at the forthcoming Olympic Games in Paris for original compositions, in any verse form or in prose, which derive their inspiration from any kind of sport or game or athletic exercise. Equally certainly, it is a worthy field in which many fine things have been done. Who could refuse to crown with laurel John Nynen for his account of the old cricketers of Hambledon, or Hazlitt for his "Cavanagh," the "Fives-player," and the great fight between Bill Neat and the Gas Light Man. Then there is that other fight, in "Lavengro," between Ned Flat-nose and Tom Oliver; there is the football match in "Tom Brown"; and so the list might be carried on right down to the present day and Mr. Masfield's "Reynard the Fox." If, as a nation, we have taught the other nations to join in our sports and games, we can also teach them something in the art of good writing about them.

IT is unfortunate that our budding Pindars are this year rather circumscribed in the matter of time. Their compositions must be in Paris by February 1st, 1924, and so must reach the Olympic sub-committee on literature a few days earlier. To be precise, they should be sent to the Honorary Secretary at 166, Piccadilly, by January 25th. Nevertheless, this sub-committee, on which are several distinguished names, is very anxious that Britain should be worthily represented. The time is too short for the thousand lines of poetry or the twenty thousand words of prose, which are permitted, but there is yet time for someone to be more briefly inspired and, perhaps, more happily on that account. The best writing on sport or games possesses, as a rule, two qualities: a youthful enthusiasm and something at least of unashamed hero-worship, and has the air of bubbling up spontaneously. The Olympic Games are a purely amateur festival, and writing is one of those sports in which there are no amateurs. Even the humblest of poets desires, if he can, to get a guinea. The poet who is crowned in Paris will receive, directly, only a medal, but his reward will not, of course, end merely in honour and glory. It is to be hoped that we may have worthy champions in these as in the other lists.

WHEN the Imperial War Museum decamps from the Crystal Palace next March, the trustees announce that they are preparing to restore the Palace to its former condition. The Alhambra and Egyptian Courts, which the present generation has scarcely seen in all their splendour, will be redecorated; the lower parts of the grounds are to be improved, and the famous antediluvian monsters to be doctored up. Seasonable festivals and *grands jeux* will be continued, and space will simultaneously be liberated for some of the great fairs and shows which have lately had to be held elsewhere. The War Museum, however, tided the Palace over what might have been a very awkward phase in its finances, with the £25,000 annual rent. But the trustees are confident that the revived attractions will more than compensate for the reduction in revenue. Just at present no new features are contemplated, as the Wembley Exhibition will draw all pleasure-seekers northwards next year; but after that it is hoped that the old Palace will go forward. It has a world-wide fame, and there should always be "something on" to give that air of bustle and expectancy essential to a place with a reputation for gaiety: dancing, music, side-shows, periodic entertainments, popular exhibitions, and games varying with the season of the year.

A COMPETITION to discover the neatest, most comfortable bar parlour in an English inn or public house was mentioned in these columns not long ago. Our typical inns, inviting from without, are only too often marred by an inhospitable atmosphere within, and made hideous by dirty wallpapers and stuffy curtains. Cleanliness and comfort make an inn, however simple the building, a pleasure to enter; but squalor, interesting or beautiful though the house may be, merits all that the Prohibitionists

can say for it; a man does not go there save to drink more than is good for him. Prohibition, though we may sneer at it, will always have its strongest argument in the sordid public house, and it is to the interest of all, but the serene and yellow teetotaler, to make a real effort to improve the standard of inns and bar parlours. We would like all our readers to bring this competition to the notice of innkeepers of their neighbourhood or acquaintance. All that is needed is for a photograph of the bar parlour to be sent, addressed to "The B. P. Competition, 8, Elmthorpe Road, Wolvercote, Oxford," marked at the back with the name and address of the sender. By arrangement with the promoters of the scheme, the winning photograph, and any others adjudged worthy, will be reproduced in COUNTRY LIFE when the competition closes, at the end of February.

ONE wonders whether so many revolutionary elections have ever taken place before in one short month as during December, 1923. Our own Government is still uncertain, but a period of unsettled and radical change lies ahead. For the first time for two centuries and more neither Whigs nor Tories will hold office, and a new party, comparable with the reformers of the Civil Wars, will have their first fling in the political arena. In the Bombay Presidency the Swaraj party came out semi-victorious, and stormy times lie ahead for the Indian Empire. General Smuts came out of the South African polls barely ahead of the Nationalists. A peaceful election, the first on record, in Greece, has set up another republic in the home of all republics; and Mexico has had its triennial revolution which, by its constitution, takes the place of elections. What has happened and will happen in Germany is still obscure, but republics have been declared, undeclared, and lost to sight. The year has closed, like a chapter of a serial film, with a knot of unguessable problems awaiting solution. In the histories of the future 1923 may well be set with 1830 and 1848 as a year of peaceful revolutions.

BARNCOTE FIELDS.

The nearest hedge was three miles far,
About red Barncote eaves;
The furrowed earth was brown and bare
Of any living thing save where
A flock of starlings into air
Rose up like gusty leaves.
About my feet the brown fields lay,
And scarce a blade grew thin
On all those furrows soon to shake
From Barncote hedge to Savernake
With wheat like waves on a green lake
And brown birds diving in.
Yet up the rise a country lad
Came singing and all smiles.
To right and left he cast the seed
As though to twit the earth indeed,
And all his face was bright as gleed
And red as Barncote tiles.
The yokel's singing sped me on
Unto my journey's end;
His happy face, his happy slouch
Were with me till I found a couch
And shared a meal and halved a pouch
At Barncote with my friend.

WILFRID THORLEY.

BODILY exercises in which the maximum number of limbs and muscles are used in a minimum time should be far more popular than they are in this country of great cities and little time. M. Bukh, originally a Danish farmer but leader in 1911 of the Danish athletes at the Stockholm Olympic Games, has been developing a new system, which he calls *primitive gymnastics*. America has shown lively interest in the course, as have other states, but not, so far, England. The explanation probably lies in the fact that we have so many more national games than other countries. What the average man wants is a schedule of exercises to keep him fit and well, rather than a system to fit him for the athletic prodigies of the Olympic Stadium.

PORTLAND STONE IN LONDON

By JAMES BONE.

THE part played in the appearance of a great city by the character of its chief building stone is one of the few sides of the picturesque that seem to have escaped attention from our topographical writers. Yet, it is obviously as determining a factor to the aspect of the city as the species of the trees are to a landscape. It is impossible to think of Rome without its silky travertine, or Edinburgh without its dark grey Craigleith, or Paris without its dead cream Creil, or Venice without its glowing marmoreal stone, or Bath without its gentle yellow brown. London, of course, was not all brick when Nash came, nor did he leave it all plaster. London's many stones include Bath, Hopton Wood, Casterton, Burford, Chilmark, Kentish rag, Mansfield, York stone, granite,

and many others; but the stone that gives the capital its own peculiar aspect and beauty, that surprises every visitor and is remembered by all her exiles, is the stone that comes from the stern little peninsula of Portland which Dorsetshire thrusts out into the Channel. It is a marine oolitic formation of the Jurassic system of a fine grain, varying from a warm cream to pale brown when quarried, but turning silvery white on exposure. Fossils of marine creatures are found in its beds, some of an extraordinary character, but these will be noticed in a subsequent article dealing with the quarries at Portland. They may, however, be mentioned here, as there is an appropriateness in the fact that the capital of the island empire should have the glories of its architecture stamped with the seals of the creatures of the sea. The rough stone is still brought to London by sailing ketches, just as was the stone that came to London for the building of St. Paul's Cathedral. Every new London building of importance is now built of Portland stone—the London County Hall, the Port of London Authority Building, the Bush Building in the Strand; and the rebuilding of the Carlton Club façade in Portland stone to replace the original Caen stone fabric is an example of its acceptance as the proper monumental material of London. The constant renewal of the exterior of the Henry VII Chapel in the Abbey and of the Houses of Parliament are other instances of the severity of the London acids and climate on other stones. Since Inigo Jones used Portland stone for the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall it has been the prevailing stone. Wren, of course, built St. Paul's and the City churches and Greenwich Hospital of it; Chambers, Somerset House; and Kent, Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor, Robert Adam and Holland used hardly any other stone in their monumental building. It is, indeed, the London stone, and all that is most characteristic in the grandeur of the capital is found up in Portland stone. You cannot think of Wren without thinking of Portland stone, or of Portland stone without thinking of Wren, and ingenious speculations might be made about the inspiration of this noble and subtle material on his genius. For there were fogs and river mists through which the light flushed and faded in his day as in ours, and Wren must have known how Inigo Jones' Whitehall and Greenwich were weathering, and he must have seen the City chimneys wave their black incense round his City churches.

Even before Jones' time Portland stone was used intermittently in London. There are records of its use for repair and building at the Palace of Westminster and elsewhere in

London at the end of the fourteenth century, and it was used also at the Tower; but for a hundred and fifty years after that it seems to have been forgotten till Inigo Jones revived its use. Wren, in his memorial to the Bishop of Rochester about the decay in Westminster Abbey stone, outlines his researches on the subject at the time when he was designing the western towers in Portland stone:

I find after the Conquest, all our artist masons were fetched from Normandy; they loved to work in their own Caen-stone which is more beautiful than durable. This was found expensive to bring hither, so they thought Rygate stone in Surrey the nearest like their own, being a stone that would saw and work like wood, but not durable, as is manifest; and they used this



ST. MARY-LE-STRAND AND BUSH HOUSE.

Gibbs' delicate little church, with 200 years' London weathering, compares interestingly with the new stone of Bush House, and to some extent forecasts the future aspect of the new building.

for the renewal of the whole fabric, which is now disfigured in the highest degree. This stone takes in water which, being frozen, scales off, whereas good stone gathers a crust and defends itself, as many of our English Free-stones do.

Elsewhere he writes:

The best is Portland or Rock Abbey stones, but these are not without their faults.

One may interject here that, in the view of some students of the subject, Portland stone has not yet been considered to its finest development. Architects still ignore the decorative possibilities of its weathering and draw their elevation as though



ST. MARTIN'S, LUDGATE HILL.

St. Martin's is a good example of the goblin tricks of weathering: pointed streaks and arches of blackness in the lower parts, while the tower, in contrast, attains a silvery brilliance.



SERJEANT'S INN PUMP.

Dripping water cuts white parts in the joints, while the rain splashing on the pump-cover washes the stone white.

designing in travertine in the clear Roman air or Craigleith sandstone with its even darkening surface. The effect of drip from mouldings and courses need not be accidental, and might be considered and used to a decorative end, as the nature of a wood is used by carvers. The period of fussiness in our buildings now seems to be ending, and with the severer style which the economic conditions are forcing upon merchants and speculators architects will doubtless be able to give more attention to the beauties of weathering in the flatter façades of the future. The L.C.C. Central School of Arts in Southampton Row is particularly worth study as an example of weathering in a building with a minimum of projections. It is, too, a good example of the value of not too finely finishing the surface of the stone, and allowing its grain free play on the atmosphere.

What are the qualities that distinguish this particular limestone that gives London its characteristic aspect? It is of a very fine grain, weathering to a delicate white in exposed parts that the prevailing rains have washed clear of grime, and this whiteness is emphasised by the soft darkness of the parts on which the soot accumulates. It wears very slowly and does not flake off, but powders off, thus maintaining a smooth and uniform flatness which refracts the light clearly so that it appears whiter than it really is. One architect has described it as "the only stone that washes itself," believing it to have the property of shedding the deposit of dirt once it had reached a certain

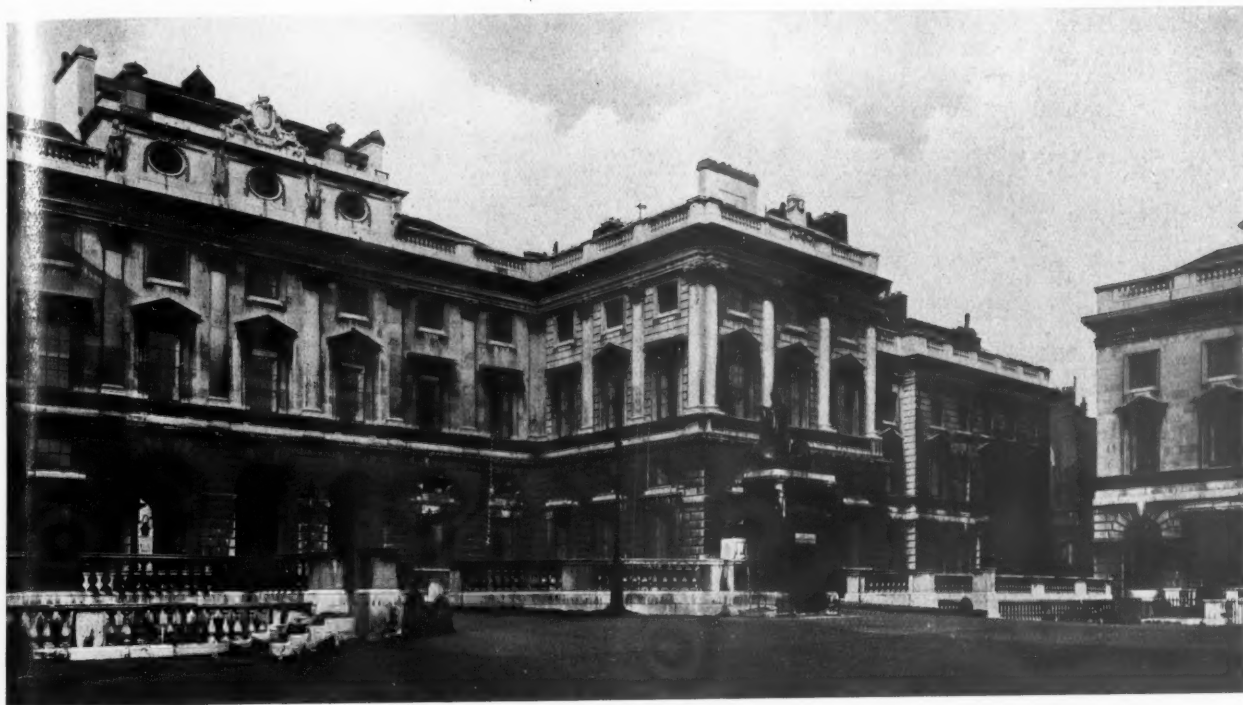


GARDEN GATE, CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Illustrating the effect on round shapes, the rain cleaning the stone balls like a wet cloth. The milk-white effect of these balls and piers in this charming gate is particularly delightful; also the use of Portland stone sets with the granite kerb and York stone pavement.

weight and consistency, this ability varying according to the position. The idea that Portland stone (to use the bridge road phrase) "discards from strength," like the London plane tree whose soot-impregnated bark lies over the London squares and parks in May, raises many fancies. Everyone has noticed how the general tendency in London buildings is to whiten towards the south-west, growing darker on the far sides, with the chief darkness at the east and north-east. St. Paul's colonnade and cornice, and especially the upper drum, are the most conspicuous example of this, but it can be seen in most of our great buildings: in the portico of the National Gallery, or in Somerset House with its silvery river front and its dark back to the Strand, and particularly in the public buildings in Whitehall and in the British Museum.

It is pretty, as Mr. Pepys would say, to study the doings of the rain-bearing south-west wind all over the town, how it puts its own high lights on London, touching the Portland stone with silver and spotting the plane tree-trunks with gold. In spring, especially when the light is fitful and the plane trees are shedding their bark, a sudden brightness will discover at times a secret London rhythm in these leprous buildings and trees, and even the flocks of pigeons suddenly wheeling round, like the spirit of Portland stone detaching itself from the buildings,



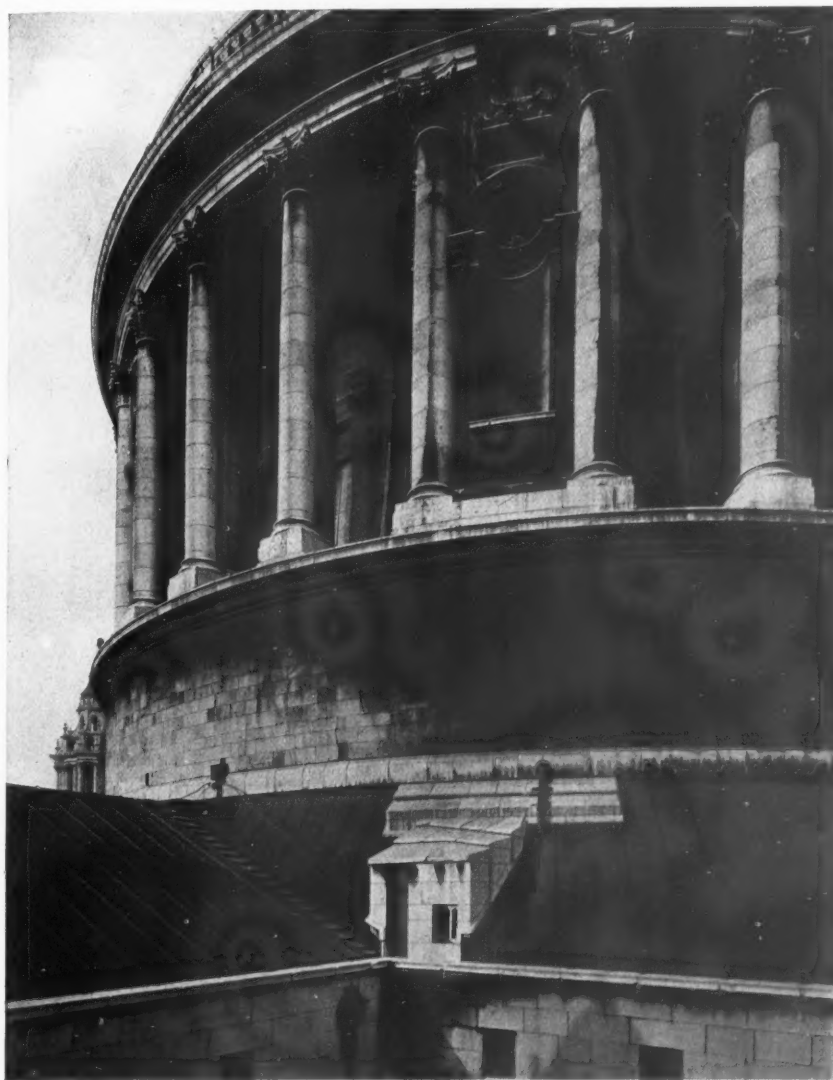
CENTRAL COURT, SOMERSET HOUSE.

Showing the chief entrance and central block of Chambers's masterpiece, facing south. The eastern wing has weathered beautifully in the south-west rains. The block further east, sheltered by the east side of the quadrangle, has not cleaned in the same way. The charming effect of the balustrading and steps may be noted.

play their part in the symphony. It is a vision one often has in spring in the Temple.

But it is in autumn when Portland stone discloses its rarest secret, when London is again the capital in a river swamp and the mist oozes up out of the marshes of Westminster—the swamp mist that destroys all frescoes in St. Stephen's unless they are under glass, and tarnishes the Templar's silver spoons three times a day—and the river and city fade away. Then the watcher at that unglazed window in Hungerford Bridge sees gently emerging the lovely façade of Somerset House with its triple screen, as its smooth fine stone catches the coming light like a mirror, while Cleopatra's Needle and the granite Waterloo Bridge are still invisible; and as the light threads through the mist you are aware of gracious phantoms in the distance: St. Bride's and the City steeples and towers, and high over them the peristyle and lantern of St. Paul's. The relationship of the granite bridge and the limestone Somerset House is always changing. There are certain foggy days when the stone disappears but the dark granite still looms out.

But the weathering of Portland stone is, of course, not a simple matter of the south-west rains washing that side clean, leaving the rest of the building mantled in soot. The innumerable currents and eddies of air in the labyrinth of London, with its centre still mediæval in plan though modern in structure, and its newer parts more or less left to chance, play odd tricks on the masses of stone, and the vagaries of gutters and drip courses and many chapters of accidents introduce queer variations of their own. The façade of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, with its black-pointed shapes at the base, is one of the many strange transformations that Wren never foresaw. So many and so incalculable are the effects created by the weathering of the stone that the faithful might discern a certain *genus loci* of London fighting against the spirit of the classic that modernity has imposed upon it. A city of mist and fogs, capital of a nation that gets along comfortably with a labyrinthian law based on precedent, and a monarchy that may not rule—what has it to do with the lucidity



ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

The prevailing south-west wind, bearing rain, washes the south-west side of St. Paul's; the grime accumulating on the base, drum and attic to the east and north. Note the base of the drum whitening as it turns towards the west, and the black pencilling on the columns, increasing in scale towards the east until the columns are quite black.

of orders and the hard clarity of sunny lands? So it summons its elementals from the weathers, and black arches spring up in flat façades, and darkness gathers where there is no shadow, and pediments turn black and bases white, perspective is falsified, and phantasy spreads over the whole surface. The mystery of the Gothic is always fighting its way back in London, mocking the logic and lucidity of our classical architecture, where the overmastering architect had sold the pass with his steeples of classical members and his cathedral of flying buttresses inside its great masking walls. How great a part in our first concept of London does this fantastic weathering play? At first it is a city of illusions, with nothing quite as it seems, inconceivably theatrical with its buildings drawn in milk against the night sky, and fading and flowering in the autumn mists and standing out in sunshine with false proportions and false shadows, shadows that spring upwards and lights that lurk beneath them—the London of Romance that a hundred thousand young men from the provinces behold every year and dimly remember sometimes in their middle age

in their after-dinner musings. But in England no one has written in praise of Portland stone in the London climate. There is no poem on it, although there seem to be poems on everything, and many on the Lord Mayor. The Victorian novelists were more concerned with the painted fronts of Stuccovia; but Dickens relished the gloom and goblin romance of the spotted churches. Nevertheless, the magic of the stone affects the minds of ordinary Londoners, even if their poets ignore it, and one hears lyrical signs of this from usually matter-of-fact citizens. I remember one such watching for a long time from Waterloo Bridge the light coming through the clouds and touching to brightness one after another the company of City spires and towers—"Coming up like ships, ain't they?" he said.

Yes, the life of the Londoner is bound up with the stone from the first day he lifts up his eyes in the City. And those London lads who did not come back from the war, but lie in the cemeteries of France, now sleep in the shadow of their headstones of Portland stone as they lived in the shadow of St. Paul's.

LETTERS TO A SISTER

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE perfect letter is from a sister to a sister. A love letter, indeed, has its own perfection, but it often lacks equality and utter sincerity between writer and reader, while there is in it, I should imagine, a feeling against being whole-heartedly silly, a restriction which need not be observed in letters to a sister. Jane Austen is being whole-heartedly silly in that letter in which she writes to Cassandra:

I am sorry to tell you that I am getting very extravagant, and spending all my money, and what is worse for you, I have been spending yours, too. . . . I was tempted by a pretty-coloured muslin and bought ten yards of it on the chance of your liking it; . . . In texture it is just what we prefer, but its resemblance to green crewels, I must own, is not great as the pattern is a small red spot.

Lovers have so many unshared years behind them. Each, except in very exceptional cases, has had a life which cannot possibly be re-lived by the other, though whole seas of words may wash over it in the trying. Sometimes it even comes as a shock to realise that our parents themselves lived nearly half a lifetime before we knew them and actually shared events and emotions with people we shall never meet. All bonds may be broken, alas! in this our mortal life, but in its own way the bond of having shared the same nursery, or want of a nursery, is one of the strongest. Letters from a sister to a brother may, for this reason, be equally candid and sincere, but they lose in colour. Jane Austen, writing to a brother, would probably omit details about her hat, "something like Eliza's, only, instead of being all straw, half of it is of narrow purple ribbon," or of the green shoes and white fan she wore "last night," items which make such gay patches in her letters to her sister. One gets quite absorbed in her dresses and little economies, her turnings and renovations. "I am sorry to say that my new coloured gown is very much washed out," she writes, "though I charged everybody to take great care of it. I hope yours is, too." And in a later letter: "I am quite pleased with Martha and Mrs. Lefroy for wanting the pattern of our caps, but I am not so well pleased with your giving it to them."

But the hunt for fruit for Cassandra's bonnet must really be given in full. Jane is staying at Bath and Cassandra is at home.

Flowers are very much worn, and fruit is still more the thing. Elizabeth has a bunch of strawberries, and I have seen grapes, cherries, plums and apricots. There are likewise almonds and raisins, French plums, and tamarinds at the grocers', but I have never seen any of them on hats. A plum or greengage would cost three shillings; cherries and grapes about five, I believe, but this is at some of the dearest shops. My aunt has told me of a very cheap one, near Walcot Church, to which I shall go in quest of something for you.

So Jane goes, and then writes again to Cassandra, the idea of a bonnet trimmed with one solid plum not appealing to her.

Though you have given me unlimited power concerning your sprig, I cannot determine what to do about it, and shall therefore in this and in every other future letter continue to ask your further directions. We have been to the cheap shop and very cheap we found it, but there are only flowers made there, no fruit; and as I could get four or five very pretty sprigs of the former for the same money which would procure only one Orleans plum I cannot decide on the fruit until I hear from you again. Besides, I cannot help thinking that it is more natural to have flowers grow out of the head than fruit. What do you think on that subject?

Evidently, she who was fortunate enough to visit London or Bath was expected to act as pedlar to the other

feminine members of her family, including nieces and sisters-in-law:

I will lay out all the little judgment I have in endeavouring to get such stockings for Anna as she will approve [writes Jane], but I do not know that I shall execute Martha's commission at all, for, I am not fond of ordering shoes; and, at any rate, they shall all have flat heels.

Those of us who, in reading her novels, can never have too many of Jane Austen's inimitable ballroom scenes, will appreciate the real dances in the letters:

I spent a very pleasant evening. . . . There was the same supper as last year and the same want of chairs. There were more dancers than the room could conveniently hold, which is enough to constitute a good ball at any time.

I do not think I was very much in request. People were rather apt not to ask me till they could not help it; one's consequence, you know, varies so much at times without any particular reason. There was one gentleman, an officer of the Cheshire, who, I was told, wanted very much to be introduced to me, but as he did not want it quite enough to take much trouble in effecting it, we never could bring it about.

I danced with Mr. John Wood again, twice with Mr. South, a lad from Winchester, who, I suppose, is as far from being related to the Bishop of that diocese as it is possible to be, with G. Lefroy, and J. Harwood, who, I think, takes to me rather more than he used to do. One of my gayest actions was sitting down two dances in preference to having Lord Bolton's eldest son for my partner, who danced too ill to be endured.

There was also the dance where Jane was "almost afraid to tell you how my Irish friend and I behaved. Imagine to yourself everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together."

And the dance when—

your silence on the subject of our ball makes me suppose your curiosity too great for words. We were very well entertained, and could have stayed longer but for the arrival of my list shoes to convey me home, and I did not like to keep them waiting in the cold.

(One can almost see the list shoes stamping and champing the bit impatiently as they waited.)

Everything went well, especially after we had tucked Mrs. Lance's neckerchief in behind and fastened it with a pin.

Cassandra was evidently the gardener of the family, and when she was away from home Jane sometimes sent her word about her plants and shrubs. "You depend on finding all your plants dead, I hope. They look very ill." And in another letter: "I will not say your mulberry-trees are dead, but I am afraid they are not alive," she writes, breaking the news gently. But later in the same letter come better tidings. "I hear to-day that an apricot has been detected in the garden."

This is a lightning sketch of a certain landlady and her establishment. Mrs. Austen and Jane have gone to Bath for a month, and Cassandra has stayed at home with her father at Steventon.

Mrs. Bromley is a fat woman in mourning, and a little black kitten runs about the staircase. . . . We have two very nice-sized bedrooms with dirty quilts and everything very comfortable.

And here is another lightning sketch (pure silliness):

We found only Mrs. Lance at home, and whether she boasts any offspring besides a grand pianoforte did not appear. She was civil and chatty.

As well as being the gardener of the family, Cassandra seems to have been the housekeeper. I have a dim recollection of reading somewhere that it was Jane's duty to make the tea for breakfast and that afterwards she was free, except in her sister's absence. When Cassandra was away from home Jane's domestic importance increased.

I am very grand indeed; I had the dignity of dropping out my mother's laudanum last night. I carry about the keys of the wine and closet, and twice since this letter began have had orders to give to the kitchen. Our dinner was very good yesterday, and the chicken boiled perfectly tender, therefore I shall not be obliged to dismiss Nanny on that account.

And in her next letter:

My mother desires me to tell you that I am a very good housekeeper, which I have no reluctance in doing, because I really think it is my peculiar excellence, and for this reason—I always take care to provide such things as please my own appetite, which I consider as the chief merit in housekeeping.

But the Nanny who cooked the chicken so well fell ill and the other maid had left, and Jane had more housekeeping on her hands than is convenient for a writer. So we are relieved to learn from a later letter:

We are very much disposed to like our new maid; she knows nothing of a dairy, to be sure, which, in our family, is rather against her, but she is to be taught it all. In short, we have felt the inconvenience of being without a maid so long, that we are determined to like her, and she will find it a hard matter to displease us.

Which seems all very modern and familiar.

And what about Cassandra's letters? Alas! we shall never know. If Jane kept them, Cassandra must have destroyed them after her death. Like Jane's, they must have been charming and light-hearted and unrestrained, for we read:

MY DEAR CASSANDRA,

The letter which I have this moment received from you has diverted me beyond moderation. I could die of laughter at it, as they used to say at school. You are indeed the finest comic writer of the present age.

Which brings me back to the beginning of my article: the perfect letter is from a sister to a sister.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CARRIAGE DOG

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

ONCE upon a time, as the story books say, no fashionable equipage was thought to be complete in detail unless it was followed by one or more Dalmatians—the spotted or plum-pudding dogs of the vernacular. Custom varied as to the correct position to be occupied on a journey by these canine satellites. At first they preceded the carriage, and later on ran beneath or by the side. In an ancient engraving of a warrior in his chariot an unmistakable Dalmatian is parallel with the horse, which fact leads to the inference that the association between the two is not a matter of the last hundred years or so. From long usage rather than from any commonness of taste, I take it, the dogs displayed a predilection for horses and stables that was singularly marked. Few people regarded them under any other aspect. Apparently they could go on for many hours without tiring. An old newspaper records the feats of one that, about 1851, was in the habit of accompanying the only coach that in those days ran between London and Brighton, by way of Dorking, Horsham and Henfield—a distance of seventy-two miles. He is said to have done the journey on eight successive days, with Sunday intervening, but we are not told how much was on foot, or how far he got a lift on the coach. The kindly guard did his best to persuade him to stay on the vehicle, but he infinitely preferred running. He came to a sad end, being killed one day by falling beneath the wheels after jumping from the coach. He was skinned, stuffed and set up in appropriate manner in a public house in the Edgware Road.

Were the early history of the pointer and Dalmatian to be disentangled, I have a strong suspicion that a relationship between them could be established. The gundog is supposed



A TYPICAL HEAD.



T. Fall.

HEAD OF RUGBY BEAUTY'S EYES.

Copyright

to have come from Spain in the eighteenth century. He must have been known there long before that, if a passage in "Don Quixote" has been correctly translated. The spotted dog is assumed to belong to Dalmatia, where, wrote "Stonehenge," he is made to stand very steadily at game, and is employed in aid of the gun. The Italians use him for sport, and Mrs. Bedwell, of Heckfield, Hants, the inmates of whose kennels are illustrated to-day, says they have excellent noses and can do the work of a pointer. There are many points of similarity between the breeds, and the introduction to the accepted standard emphasises the resemblance. "Stonehenge" also remarked upon it. The divergence in marking, however, must have occurred a considerable time ago, because, in a picture by Castiglione, the Italian painter of hunting subjects, who died in 1716, we have a

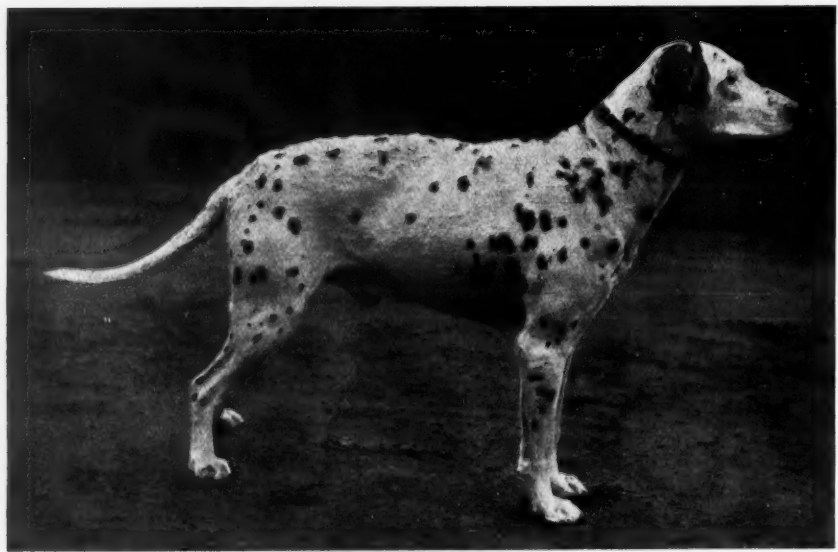
suppose no one remembers that Youatt libelled him by speaking of his stupidity. Mrs. Bedwell tells me that he is an ideal companion; and what could be better for following a bicycle or accompanying one on long rambles? I fancy he would stand no nonsense from an importunate tramp; his bark is impressive, and he does not use it out of season, as some of the more excitable terriers do. His close coat, which affords a minimum of trouble in cleaning, never becomes unsightly. Of course, there is a certain demand for them, and Mrs. Bedwell has no difficulty in disposing of her surplus stock, representatives of which have gone to every part of the world. The number of breeders is limited, however. Mrs. Bedwell's kennels have been in the front rank for many years, a position that she seems to have no difficulty in retaining.

Champion Rugby Beauty's Eyes is the leading bitch of the day; Rugby Belladonna has done much winning, and Rugby Bertie Boy, as a seven months puppy, delighted everyone at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show in May. His litter sister, Rugby Bo Peep, is little inferior. There are eight brood bitches at Heckfield, as well as several stud dogs, of which the best known is Rugby Batman. The strain has been in the family for a century. As a follower of hounds since she was a child, Mrs. Bedwell knows what working dogs should be like.

As breeders of pedigree dogs revel in setting themselves difficult problems to unravel, it is only to be expected that stress should be laid upon markings, not because they are of more importance than structural qualities, but because they are not easily obtained in perfection. The spots may be either black or liver coloured. In either case the ground colour must be pure white. As regards the rest, let me quote the official standard: "The colour of the spots in the black-spotted variety should be black, the deeper and richer the black the better; in the liver spotted variety they should be brown. The spots should not intermingle, but be as round and well defined as possible, the more distinct the better; in size they should be that of sixpence to a florin. The spots on the head, face, ears, legs, tail and extremities to be smaller than those on the body." The liver-spotted variety, which is now seldom seen, if mated to one with black spots, produces a dense black in the markings. About the spotting, a man once told me of an amusing experience that had befallen him. I had remarked that he was fortunate in being mixed up with a breed that needed no excessive preparation or "improving" before it could be exhibited. He was not so sure about that. On one occasion, at some small local show, a beautiful puppy attracted his attention. The owner being a groom who had never exhibited, my friend scented a bargain, and made overtures for the purchase of the dog. The



RUGBY BO PEEP: A NICELY MARKED BITCH.



T. Fall. RUGBY BATMAN: A VETERAN OF THE KENNELS. Copyright.

groom knew how to do a deal, if he was a novice at showing, and a substantial sum had to be handed over before a transfer was effected. The puppy seemed to be well worth it, and the buyer had no cause to regret his action until four or five weeks had passed, when, to his consternation, innumerable white hairs began to appear in the black spots, making a material difference to the value of the animal. Judicious enquiries elicited the information that the innocent breeder had spent all his spare time for many evenings extracting the white hairs with a pair of tweezers.

Another Dalmatian story is of a different character. A man who drove to a country station every morning on his way to the City used to take his dog with him for a scamper. With unfailing regularity a powerful retriever, as a public house was passed, would rush out and bowl over the Dalmatian. The spotted dog would not stand up to his assailant, the owner of which only laughed when he was requested to keep his dog under control. The City man told his troubles to a friend who had a big bull

brace of Dalmatians which would well pass muster in the present day. The one in the most conspicuous place not only has a head of the modern type, but the spots are also there as we are familiar with them. A French writer, discussing the matter a few years ago, came to the conclusion that the Dalmatian really came from Italy, where he has played the part both of pointer and hound (*chien d'arrêt* and *chien courant*). If this is so, he has run the whole gamut, for in England he would be classed as *chien de luxe*.

Certainly, he has all the physical attributes of a field dog, being put together most symmetrically, with admirable legs, feet, shoulders and quarters, and a nicely arched, fairly long neck. One has only to look at him to be sure that he can move freely, and go on through a long day.

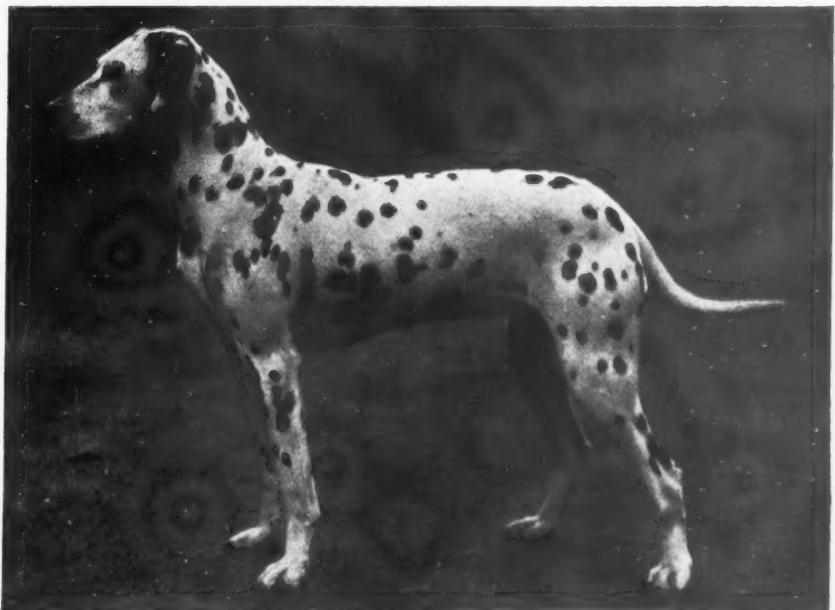
terrier. Next morning, the terrier, artistically decked out in black spots, followed the dog cart instead of the Dalmatian, and when he had finished it was a sad and dejected retriever that dragged his wounded body into sanctuary.

Returning for one moment to the question of markings, may I say that, in striving after a feature that is purely arbitrary, and of no value in regard to constitution or virility, it is unwise to elevate it into a matter of supreme importance. It has been said of some breeders that the size and regular distribution of the spots are of more importance than well laid shoulders and decent fronts. The accepted standard decrees that "the Dalmatian should represent a strong, muscular and active dog, symmetrical in outline, and free from coarseness and lumber, capable of great endurance combined with a fair amount of speed." It says further that the neck should be fairly long, nicely arched, light and tapering, and entirely free from throatiness. The shoulders should be moderately oblique, clean and muscular. The chest should not be too wide, but very deep and capacious. Ribs moderately well sprung, but never barrel-shaped. Front legs should be perfectly straight, the bone heavy, and the elbows set close to the body. Feet round and compact. In other words, a picture of an ideal working dog is given in words that cannot be misunderstood. Wall eyes sometimes appear, but Mrs. Bedwell regards them as a blemish. Nothing is said about them in the standard, but we must assume that they are incorrect, since the colour should be dark in black-spotted dogs, and yellow or light brown in the liver. Puppies are a pure white when born, the spots not showing themselves until about the tenth day, and a few more weeks must pass before it is possible to see whether the whelps will be heavily or sparsely spotted.

I wonder if anyone has ever attempted to breed for spots on Mendelian principles, which seem to be peculiarly applicable. Of course, I take it that any feature can be Mendelian, but markings are easy for a beginning. The Mendelian law, though simple, needs time and patience, as its application at a certain stage can only be ascertained by actual experiment. To illustrate what I mean it is simplest to mention Mendel's own experiments. He worked on edible peas, crossing tall and dwarfs. The first generation gave all tall. Breeding these together, in the second generation he obtained tall and short in the proportion of three of the first to one of the second. Pushing the matter further, he came to the conclusion that the tall was dominant and the dwarf recessive; but, of the three tall, one was pure dominant, capable of reproducing itself, and two impure dominants, which bred either tall or short. The task of the dog breeder would be to find out by experiment which of the three dominants was the pure. If a badly marked puppy came in any litter from two of the parents he could assume that they were impure.



RUGBY BERTIE BOY.



RUGBY BELLADONNA.



T. Fall.

CHAMPION RUGBY BEAUTY'S EYES.

Copyright.

TENNYSON AT ALDWORTH

DEVOTED admirers of the late Lord Tennyson were surprised, and to some extent alarmed, when they heard, about two years ago, that Aldworth, the house near Haslemere that he had built as a family residence, had been acquired by an Indian potentate, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda. Aldworth for them was a place of pilgrimage. It was connected in their minds with the period of the great Laureate's rich autumnal maturity when he was, in the words of Browning's dedication, "In poetry illustrious and consummate, in friendship noble and sincere." These apprehensions have been set at rest. When the Gaekwar purchased Aldworth he, or rather, his advisers, cherished some idea of transforming Tennyson's quiet country seat into a more or less Oriental palace, or, at any rate, a residence befitting an Indian prince. It would have been a patent anachronism amid the characteristic little manors, farms and cottages of a county so typically English as Sussex. Fortunately, the good sense of the Gaekwar prevented such an anti-climax. Having purchased the Laureate's home, he was easily induced to read his poetry, and here he found a store of good things that appealed to his own taste. Froude has told us that, when "Locksley Hall" was published, it became at once the marching song of Liberalism, and on that ground alone it must have appealed to the democratic Gaekwar. It must have interested him all the more to learn of its being written after an Eastern model.

At any rate, the poems made of the Gaekwar an ardent Tennysonian. He abandoned the palatial idea, and henceforth set himself to restore Aldworth to what it had been in the time of its builder. Luckily, not much change had been made beyond that attributable to "Time's wasting hand" and man's neglect. In thirty years the house and grounds had been allowed to revert into their original wildness, to which memory added a note. The uncared-for coniferous trees gave a feature of dragging plumes to deepen the melancholy aspect. All this has been rectified. Were the ancient sage to revisit these glimpses of the moon, he would find Aldworth very much as he left it, the terrace as simple and noble as it was originally,



ALDWORTH HOUSE.

not in any way spoiled by shrubs and flowers out of place, but relying for its charm, as of old, on its unparalleled view of the hills and dales, the heath and pasture and arable of Sussex.

The Gaekwar has made it a place where he can enjoy the quiet of a week-end by himself or in the company of one or two friends. He takes pleasure in following in the footsteps of the poet in his walks and haunts, and in realising what thoughts were likely to be flowing through the wise old man's brain. In no selfish way has he carried out the restoration of the surroundings. Realising the hold that Tennyson yet retains on the memory and affection of those who regard him as by far the greatest poet of his century, he has arranged for the grounds and house to be open to the public. The lowliest admirer is at liberty to see the beautiful views as Tennyson saw them, to tread his favourite paths and understand from personal experience how the high priest of nature was sustained by the smell of the sea, the scent of the heather and, above all, by the changing sky that hangs over the equally changing landscape.

In the course of his long life the great Victorian Laureate had a diversified experience of dwelling places. There were only three of a more or less permanent character—Somersby, Farringford and Aldworth; the rest were but makeshifts or lodging-houses on various stages in the pilgrimage. In this connection it should be remembered that the children of the rectory or the vicarage differ from many of those who occupy a similar position in life. The parson has but a life rent of his dwelling, and although, in the case of the Tennysons, a kindly consideration was extended to the offspring by the new incumbent, ultimately there is a complete break in the associations. The tradition, as it were, is abruptly ended. In Tennyson's case the difficulties were greater than in most, because he had chosen a profession that does not yield either fame or income very quickly, and hence it entailed a long engagement. Many years had passed after the death of Tennyson's father before Alfred and Miss Emily Sellwood were able to marry and live in a house of their



W. Selfe.

THE VIEW FROM THE LOWER TERRACE.

Copyright.

own. Tennyson's first adventure in house-hunting ended in a fiasco, serious enough at the time of its occurrence, but amusing to look back on. The house at Warninglid in Sussex looked a poet's home, but was or had been a den of thieves. Its attraction was that it had a "Copley-Fielding-like view of the South Downs," but the experience that followed more than modified, it destroyed altogether, the charm of the first impression. A wind blew a hole in their bedroom wall, and shortly after followed the discovery that dining-room and bedroom had been used as a Roman Catholic chapel and a child was buried on the premises. Yet worse was to come. One of "The Cuckfield Gang," a notorious association of thieves and murderers, "had lived in their very lodge." No wonder that, in the words of Tennyson's son and biographer, "they took a speedy departure, my father drawing my mother in a Bath chair over a very rough road to Cuckfield."

Until Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, was leased with an option of purchase, the pair lived in various places, but had no abiding city. Though Lord Tennyson was not given to wasting his time in vain regrets, he must often in those early days have turned a retrospective eye on his father's rectory. Much is to be said in favour of the fixed opinion of Fitzgerald that he should have made his permanent home in Lincolnshire. Early impressions, as has been very truly said, are the capital of the poet, and happy is he who is enabled to widen and deepen them. In after-life Tennyson never excelled the vividness and colour with which he recalled the scenes and incidents of his boyhood. From the first he found the experience of his childhood the material for his poetry. In the "Ode to Memory," one of his earliest poems, there is much that is only remembered and recited, but there are many passages charged with life and emotion which reflect what his eyes saw and his ears heard with vividness and imagination. They are life pictures and they are poetry. "The woods that belt the gray hill-side" is as perfect a cameo as any in his later work.

The seven elms, the poplars
four
That stand beside my father's
door

is memory without the exquisiteness of the preceding passage. Affection, fancy and association are all mingled in what became a lifetime passion—the love of the little stream that trickles down Somersby way:

... the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and
ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy
coves.

Those early poems are, indeed, redolent of days and nights in the marshland where—

... the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

And:

One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will.

Mablethorpe, the little fishing seaside village not yet turned into a watering place, supplied his sensitive mind with many images that appear and reappear in his poems. He stood on the sand and actually saw "the sun and moon upon the shore," and had other visions that, like the brook, "haunted him through life."

The rectory lawns we seem to see, as it were, behind certain lines which contain no formal description:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp, and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.

"The long grey fields at night," "The dry dark wolds,"
"The oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the

pool," "The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale," "The wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey"—such lines recall Lincolnshire even to those who have been passers-by rather than sojourners in it.

Tennyson and Miss Emily Sellwood were come to an age when it is popularly supposed that poetry has crumbled into prose before they were married; yet, no lovers of the Golden Age could have more fully experienced the romance of union. This is evident in all the accounts of their house-hunting, though, perhaps, rather less so in regard to Farringford than Aldworth. They remained till the last the dear lovers they were when, crossing the Solent, "one dark heron flew over the sea, backed by a daffodil sky." What Farringford became to them may be judged from the references to it in an invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice. After asking him to come to the Isle of Wight, Tennyson says:

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary
Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and
sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light
and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep.

Aldworth was, in a peculiar sense, the home of the Tennyson family. Lady Tennyson, in her journal, gives a charming account of its discovery. The country round about is shaggy and wild and primeval to this very day, and it must have been more so to those who saw Blackdown Hill without any house on it. The land was traversed then only by sheep tracks, many of which remain even now; and Lady Tennyson tells how they explored Blackhorse Copse on Blackdown, "Lionel on a donkey with a lady's saddle, I driving in the basket-carriage, the rest walking. The wheels spun round on the axles without touching ground in some of the deep ruts, and the carriage had to be lifted over." It was an adventure to climb to "the charming ledge on the heathery down," but it was rewarded by a splendid view, "bounded by the South-downs on the south, by Leith Hill on the

north." Lady Tennyson looked forward with a joy pathetic enough now to building a house "in the hope that one's children may live on there when we are gone," and she thinks of the memories of childhood that will endear it all the more. They discussed their ideas of building with Mr. Knowles, who, in addition to being Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, was by profession an architect. They submitted a sketch and plans to him when he came to luncheon. He carried them home to put them in "working form," as he said, and Aldworth House was the result. The visitor who goes to it now, not as a sightseer but as one desirous of knowing the environment of a great poet, will do well to make his approach by way of Hindhead by the famous road that passes quite near to the Devil's Punch Bowl. On the November day on which the writer went, autumn was subduing the gorgeousness of her colours, yet still had left a faded but fine picture of withering leaf. The sun shone clearly, but there was just a suspicion of fog in those depressions into which you look down. It is not everywhere that one can see the hollows in such a fine and exquisite light. The thinnest possible mist tinged with a very delicate blue made of every depression a sea with this impalpable blue-tinged vapour instead of water.



W. Selfe.

LOOKING SOUTH IN THE LARCH WOOD.

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BY THE OLD ROAD.



MANOR FARM.



W. Selfe.

THE STEPS UP TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Copyright.

The phenomenon is commoner in Sussex than in any other county in England, and Tennyson often noticed it as he looked out from his new home at Aldworth.

When the Tennysons arrived the roads were only wild sheep walks and rather difficult to negotiate. They would have been impossible to the motorist, if there had been motors in those times. Now there is a beautiful, if rather sombre, drive from Haslemere to Aldworth, along a lane which still goes by the name of Tennyson's Lane. It is shaded on either side by drooping evergreen trees, tall cypresses, sturdy yews, laurels and box that appear to have grown considerably since the time of the poet; but from the first the lane must have been very pleasant to drive or walk in. Hindhead Hill and its famous Gibbet's Stone can be seen from the gate of the house. The air as well as the scenery suited Lady Tennyson, as Alfred wrote to the Duke of Argyll: "My wife has always had a fancy for the sandy soil and heather-scented air of this part of England." Lovers of the poet cannot help regretting that the furniture of the house was not allowed to remain as Tennyson left it. He described the view beautifully in the prologue to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which he wrote to Sir Edward Hamley:

You came, and look'd, and loved the view,
Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea.

It is a literal as well as an imaginative and beautiful description. The grey glimpse of sea is very far away, but is visible through the gap of the Arun Valley, between Arundel and Amberley. It can also be seen when the sun and light are favourable through the gap looking towards Shoreham to the left of Chanctonbury Ring, which stands out a conspicuous landmark on the skyline. Following the coast still further to the left, the Coastguard Station on Beachy Head can at times be plainly seen. To state these facts baldly, however, is to give only a poor idea of the noble landscape that stretches away from Aldworth to the shores of the Channel. Tennyson never grew wearied of it, because he was, above all else, a poet and lover of the open air. He was also very simple in his likings: no elaborate flower beds, no excessive number of shrubs were planted in front of the house, but there is a very noble terrace of green grass on which, when he was alone, the poet was accustomed to pace and meditate, refreshing his eye every now and then, as we may imagine, by a glance at the wood and the farmland, the cottages and little manors which sleep unobtrusively in the places that they have occupied for ages. It is possible to conjecture the memories that gradually began to accumulate round it, for Aldworth had an extreme attraction for the men of light and learning belonging to the time. "Year after year," wrote Aubrey de Vere, "he trod its two stately terraces with men the most noted of their time—statesmen, warriors,

men of letters, science and art, some of royal race, some famous in far lands, but none more welcome to him than the friends of his youth."

Within the walls of Aldworth one is not concerned with architecture so much as with the still poignant memories with which the place is saturated. It is from that point of view that one is interested in the rooms he designed and lived in. There are, in the first place, the windows out of which the poet could gaze at the longest possible stretch of Sussex. The two most interesting rooms are the study, and the bedroom in which Tennyson died. The study has a concrete floor made for the sake of silence, so that the poet could meditate undisturbed by domestic noises. One would have liked to have seen it with the bookcases and furniture. As it is, one can only imagine the poet, writing comparatively little, but often walking up and down, his eye in a "fine frenzy rolling," while occasionally he would pause at the window to look if the distant sea were visible or only to let his eye rest for a while on a very peaceful scene. The other of these two interesting rooms, his bedroom, is hallowed by many memories. At the moment of death, the entire character of the man is laid bare, and the closer one is brought to it the more is it respected. He had been feeling the frailties of age at Farringford, and probably made a deliberate choice of Aldworth for the last scene of all. He arrived at the

house on June 30th, 1892, and at first was able to take his regular walks of a mile out and a mile in, over Blackdown; but these gradually became shorter, and he sat more and more in his summer-houses. Nevertheless, he was able to rally so far as to go up to town to visit the Royal Academy and the Natural History Museum. During September he had become very ill. Lying in bed, he called out, "Where is my Shakespeare? I must have my Shakespeare." Then he said, "I want the blinds up, I want to see the sky and the light." He repeated "The sky and the light." Later, he asked for the Shakespeare again, and, after many vain efforts, at last exclaimed, "I have opened it," and the place at which he had opened the book was where occurs the tenderest note in Shakespeare, one of his favourite passages:

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

He spoke his last words, a farewell blessing, and, says his biographer, "For the next hours the full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness."

Thus passed the greatest figure in Victorian literature, a majesty in his death as great as ever had been expressed in his poems. Four years later Lady Tennyson followed, in her eighty-fourth year, the age at which Tennyson had died.

FELIXSTOWE AS AN EIGHTEEN-HOLE COURSE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I WENT back to Felixstowe a few days since with a curious mixture of shrinking and eagerness. I was eager to see the course again because I had a great attachment to it as being the first, or, at any rate, the first reputable, course on which I ever played golf. That was forty or, if I give myself the benefit of a doubt produced by the mists of time, thirty-nine years ago. I had, indeed, been there for two days since then, but my grown-up memories had faded while my infantile ones remained clear-cut, so that I still thought of Felixstowe as a course of colossal length, on which nearly every hole required some three or four of my best wooden club shots. The bunker in front of the old first tee, which I now know in fact to be some sixty yards wide, was remembered as representing the utmost carrying power of which the human frame was capable.

For these sentimental reasons I was anxious to go back, but I shrank from doing so because I knew I should find the course much changed. The old nine holes that had survived till the war had now become eighteen. Fresh country, not all of it quite of the true golfing stuff of which the old course was made, had been taken in. No one of the old holes remained in its original form, and people had told me that Felixstowe was "spoiled." With naturally conservative instincts and my head full of these tender memories I was disposed to believe them and feared the shock of finding that they spoke the horrid truth.

Now, having made the venture, I think that these people were far too pessimistic. Some natural regrets everybody must have. It is a real heart-break, for instance, that the old ninth hole, the Point, has departed, for it was, on the whole, the most desperately testing hole at the end of a round that I ever saw, and to play it four times in a day was at once a glorious and terrifying experience. But to say that Felixstowe is spoiled seems to me an abuse of language. The old ground, that was tramped to pieces by troops in wartime and covered with barbed wire, has made a wonderful recovery. Much of it has the old delicacy of texture, more of it will have it in time, and one or two of the greens have the real old-fashioned seaside quality that one very rarely sees nowadays—keen and fine and true and just escaping the charge of being bare and sandy, so that putting is a matter of the subtlest touch. Some of the new ground to the left of the road to the Ferry has much the same turf as the old, though the soil is not so sandy. The ground just in front of the club house and on the top of the cliff is frankly inland in nature, but these cliff holes, though they have not the true seaside charm, emphatically command respect if only because a very slight aberration sees the ball plunging headlong towards the ocean. In fact, I can honestly say that I enjoyed my two rounds very much, and it seems to me that Dr. McKenzie, who had the hard task of fusing the old and the new, has done it with the greatest ingenuity.

So many golfers knew the course as it used to be that I think I must describe it from the point of view of the old state of things. I will try to be as brief and intelligible as possible. Everybody who knew the old course will remember the long grassy ridge that ran, roughly speaking, from the left of the Martello Tower to the left of the sixth green near the Ferry, which used to be called "Eastward Ho!" Again

roughly speaking, the first nine holes of the new course go out and home again to the club house to the left of that ridge, while the second nine form a similar loop to the right, or seaward, side of it. The field which used to run down to the course from the club-house door is an enclosure no longer, but part of the course. We tee up in it for the first hole and play a good two-shot hole to the old eighth or "Bunkers Hill" green. Another two-shotter takes us to the old third, and a short hole, still straight ahead, takes us up to the edge of the houses of the little hamlet by the Ferry. Now we break new ground, cross the road on the left for a three-shot hole on the new ground. That is as far as we go outward, and we turn in our tracks to play two good two-shot holes in succession, working back across the new ground inward towards our old friend the ridge. The ninth takes us up on to a plateau green at the bottom of what was once the field looking down on the Point.

So much for the first nine. The tenth takes us up to the edge of the cliff towards the town; the eleventh is also along the cliff's edge but in the opposite direction, and now we are going to have a long spell on the old sandy country. The twelfth runs right along the water's edge; the thirteenth is equally maritime and perilous, on what was once the ladies' course; the fourteenth turns a little inward towards the Ferry. After that we turn our noses for home for the last time. The fifteenth is a good two-shot hole towards the Martello, and the sixteenth has the prettiest of greens on the site of what was once Willie Fernie's shop, from which he would issue in a white apron, brandishing a half-made club in his steely wrists. The seventeenth is a short hole on to a pretty natural dell of a green on the ridge, and then home with two long shots to finish in the field close to the club-house door. I have not been so brief as I meant to be, perhaps I have not been intelligible, and yet I have a faint hope that those who knew Felixstowe as it once was may faintly understand. And the course is one of so many traditions and memories that I shall make no further apology for being long-winded.

One of the great features of the course is the proximity of the sea. The new tenth hole, "inland" though it may be, made me more frightened of the sea than I ever was in my life. The tee shot is not alarming, but the second, a good firm half-iron shot, is played into the narrowest of triangles, with a fence on the right and the uncompromising cliff on the left. Certainly there is a bunker on the verge of perdition, and though one is not grateful for bunkers as a rule, one is uncommonly grateful for this one. How many balls it must have saved from a watery grave I should be sorry to say. The eleventh green is also on the brink, so is the twelfth, so is the thirteenth, and a very slight slice from the fourteenth tee sees one on the shingle. If there had been a wind blowing from the land I should have been frightened out of my wits. Even as it was, I breathed a sigh of relief as I left the dizzy brink. However, it would be unjust to the course to end on this note of terror. At most of the holes there is plenty of room, though not too much, and the player can open his shoulders and hit out boldly. And it is pleasant to think that, for several of these drives, he is still told by his caddie, as we used to be, to "play on the Tower."

SEGOVIA

A FAMOUS CITY OF OLD CASTILE

READERS of "Gil Blas" may remember that as its hero is about to repair his broken fortune by marrying the daughter of a goldsmith at Madrid, he is seized one night, conveyed to Segovia and there incarcerated in the Alcazar, at that period a State prison. Fortunately for him, the Governor, Tordesillas, proves to be an old acquaintance, and transfers him from a dungeon to a room in the great tower, where he bids him good night with a consolatory speech, in the course of which he says:

"You will see from your window to-morrow the flowery banks of the Eresma and the delicious valley extending down to Coca from the foot of the mountains which separate the two Castiles. I fear you will not at first be able to appreciate even so fine a prospect; but when time has softened the violence of your grief into a gentle melancholy, it will be a solace to let your eyes wander over such delightful objects."

Appearing in an early eighteenth century picaresque romance little concerned with the influence of natural surroundings on the emotions, whose author was never south of the Pyrenees, the passage suggests that Segovia must in past times have been widely famed for the beauty of its situation. This may have given rise to one story of its origin—that it was founded by the Romans as a pleasure resort—which seems about as likely as the popular theory which credits its foundation, like that of many other Spanish cities, to Hercules. The name is, in fact, purely Iberian, and the defensive strength of the site is so obvious that it would be strange if a stronghold of some kind had not existed there from time immemorial.

However this may be, it is certain that the happy conjunction of man's and nature's architecture, presented by a comprehensive view of Segovia, is not easy to match even in Spain, whose backwardness industrially brings at least this compensation, that her cities have lost less of their mediæval aspect than those, perhaps, of any other European country.

The traveller in Spain who has not unlimited time at his disposal is too often induced to omit Segovia from his itinerary. This may arise from his having lighted upon some reference to Segovia and Toledo as sister cities with so many features in common that he decides to give his time to the more famous, the more interesting and, as he is led to infer, the more beautiful of the sisters. That Toledo is more famous and, in many respects, more interesting, is undeniable; but, if it is allowable to dogmatise on what is, after all, a matter of taste, it is equally certain that Segovia bears off the palm for beauty.

The situation of Toledo, it is true, is more remarkable, protected as it is by the deep, rocky gorge of the Tagus, which there forms a great loop round three sides of the city; but, when near enough to the outer verge of the gorge to include in the scene its whole depth down to the swiftly flowing river, the spectator is too near for an effective view of the city as a whole. From a more distant viewpoint the gorge disappears; whereas, in the case of Segovia, the sweeping curves of its wider and more sylvan encompassing valleys form a delightful element of the distant view, continued and completed as they are by the contours of the city crowning the eminence between.

For a rival to Segovia in beauty we must look further south than Toledo, to the old Moorish city of Granada. But here comparisons are futile. Each is perfect in its own way. Segovia, as befits a queen city of Old Castile, while glowing with soft colour, is proud, self-contained, nobly severe. Granada, the fine flower of Andalusia, its white-walled, purple-tiled houses clustered on the plain, or scattered amid dark cypress groves over the foothills backed by the blue, snow-capped Sierra, is, if less perfectly poised than Segovia, more varied, brilliant, irresistible.



J. Archer.

Copyright.

PART OF TOLEDO ADJACENT TO THE CATHEDRAL, SEEN FROM ABOVE THE GORGE OF THE TAGUS.
The crowded housetops conceal a labyrinth of steep, narrow and picturesque streets.



THE ALCAZAR AND CATHEDRAL OF SEGOVIA, FROM THE TOP OF THE CROWS' CLIFF, AT SUNSET.
The Eresma flows beneath, and storm-clouds hang over the Sierra Guadarrama.

Copyright.

J. Archer.

Much of the interior of Spain, comprising both Old and New Castile, is a bare, wind-swept plateau elevated between two and three thousand feet, whose varied soils are the sediment of large fresh-water lakes which existed there throughout the Tertiary epoch. This monotonously undulating upland is crossed at intervals by granite ranges with a general direction from east to west. Given an uncertain and generally deficient rainfall, it is not difficult to conceive that the conditions in the Castiles during the greater part of the year suggest nothing so little as the soft, sunny, languorous Spain of the popular imagination. March was just out when the writer, travelling

chance of securing a few impressions of so much beauty. April lived up, in effect, to her reputation, and her few fleeting smiles were, to the searcher for pictorial effect, worth days of summer sunshine from a cloudless sky.

Fifty miles north-west of Madrid, in Old Castile, the little river Eresma, flowing from the Sierra Guadarrama to the Douro, is joined by the rushing brook Clamores. A mile above their junction they leave the granite ridge of the sierra for the softer cretaceous sandstones of its lower slopes. In these they have worn deep valleys separated by an eminence of harder rock, the western extremity of which, narrowed to a wedge,

descends abruptly to the meeting of the waters, vividly suggesting the stem of some leviathan ship. Over this prow rises the light grey mass of the many-turreted Alcazar—the fortress of Segovia—originally Moorish, which, though many times partially rebuilt, still retains an early feature in the great tower with its striking bartisans.

A few hundred yards eastward along the ridge the lofty cathedral, built in the sixteenth century and noted as Spain's last purely Gothic church, dominates the city which extends farther east to a transverse valley cutting athwart the base of the rocky promontory, and thus completing its isolation. Across this valley, probably in the epoch of the Spanish-born Emperor Trajan, the Romans threw a great aqueduct, one of the most perfect existing, which, until recently, led pure water into the town from a stream in the sierra ten miles away. El Puente del Diablo—the Devil's Bridge, as it is called by the Segovians—has 119 slender arches and is 900 yds. long. For 300 yds., where the valley is deepest, the arches supporting the waterway, 102 ft. above, rise in two tiers. The whole is built of grey granite blocks, fitted without cement or other fastening, and so well laid as to seem invulnerable against any natural agency short of earthquake.

To omit all mention of the general colour scheme of Segovia would be to

pass over one of its outstanding charms. That of Toledo, overspreading its rocky plateau like the shadow of a cloud—a dim harmony in browns and purples in keeping with the tawny bareness of the surrounding rock and soil—is in a much lower key. The brighter colouring of Segovia is due in part to the warm yellow sandstone of which the cathedral and some other buildings are constructed, but mainly to the fact that the rough granite stonework used in many other important structures is faced with plaster, tinted a light tone of warm grey and covered with geometrical patterns in relief, a style of

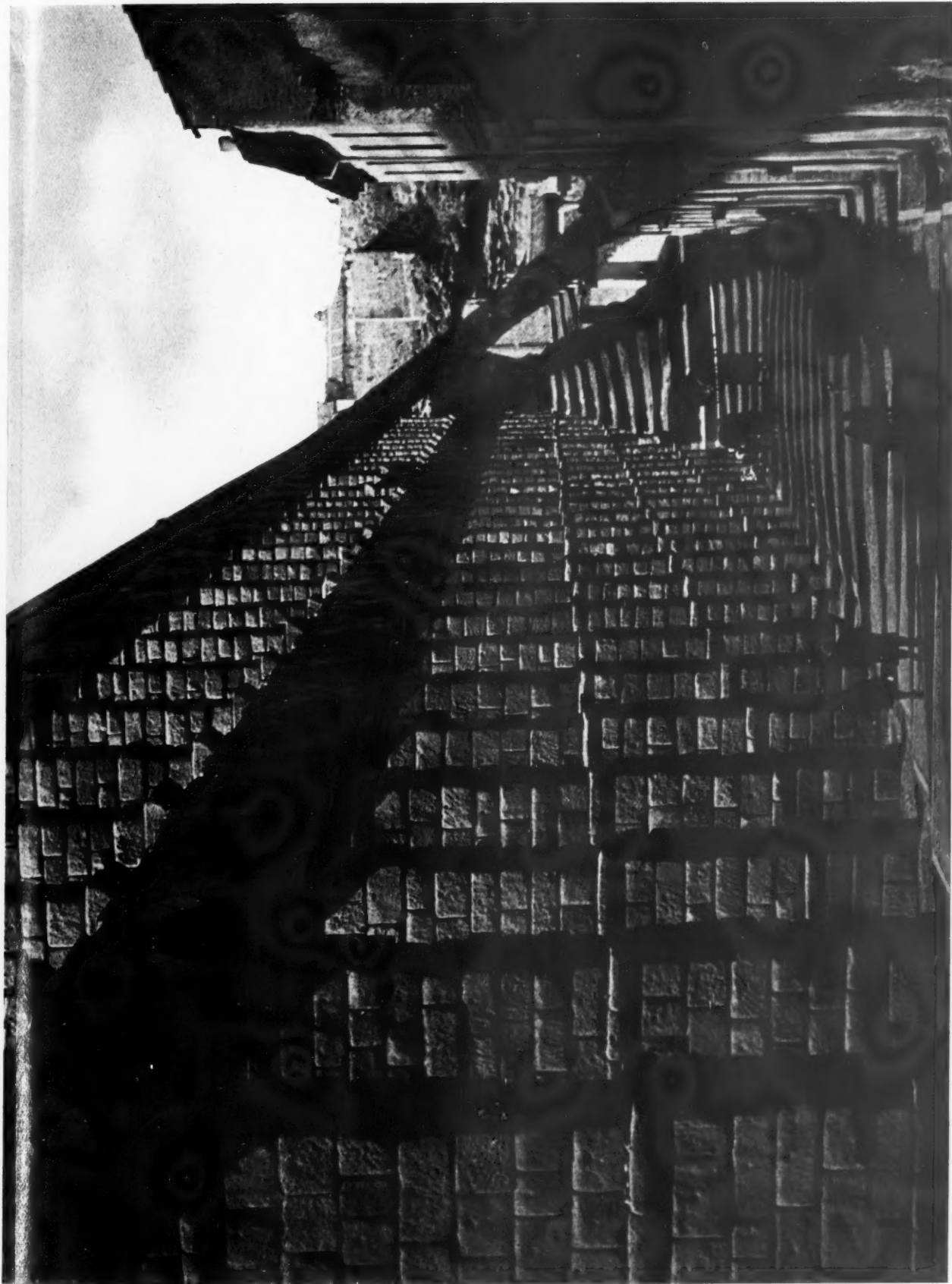


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THE ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA FROM ABOVE THE JUNCTION OF THE ERESMA AND CLAMORES: TOWARDS EVENING.

northwards, reached Segovia, but the weather was still doing its utmost to justify, in part at least, the jibe flung at many high-lying Castilian cities—*Nueve meses invierno, tres meses infierno* (nine months winter, three months hell)—and heavy clouds, driven by westerly gales up the tawny flanks of the Sierra Guadarrama were discharging themselves in cold driving rain and sleet. The conditions could not well be less propitious; but the first view of Segovia banished a half-formed intention of pushing on to the milder coast regions. Better to throw away some precious days than abandon the



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A NEAR VIEW OF THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT.
Most of the granite blocks were laid nearly 2,000 years ago without any fastening.

J. Archer.



DISTANT VIEW OF SEGOVIA ACROSS THE VALLEY OF THE ERESMA.
Behind, to the south-east, the lower slopes of the Sierra Guadarrama, whose summit is hidden by driving rain clouds.



J. Archer. SEGOVIA CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. *Copyright.*
The last purely Gothic church built in Spain before the introduction of Renaissance styles late in the sixteenth century. It is built of a golden-hued sandstone.

decoration inherited from the Moors. G. E. Street, the architect of our Law Courts, was referring to the Alcazar when he wrote:

Its walls are covered with diapers in plaster, with the patterns left slightly in relief, a mode of decoration which seems to have been extremely popular in Segovia in the 14th and 15th centuries. The patterns are generally tracery patterns of the latest gothic, repeated over and over again so as to produce a regular diaper throughout. This kind of decoration seems to be perfectly legitimate, and here, owing to the care with which the plaster has been made and used, it has stood remarkably well, though most of the patterns I saw had evidently been executed in the 16th century.

This description would apply to many of the more important Segovian buildings, and it will be readily conceived that the distant effect is one of cheerful lightness and warmth.

But there is no space in a brief sketch for descriptions of architectural details, which would not, in any case, be visible from our distant standpoint. Proceeding now from east to west over the undulating country beyond the valley of the Eresma to the north of the city, the noble aqueduct, which at first leads the eye to the cathedral, is left behind, and the Alcazar, exalted on its rocky prow, comes into the scene, challenging the supremacy of the great church and, at last, as the

when, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a great woollen industry centred here whose fabrics were widely celebrated. It is stated that some 30,000 workers were engaged in this industry alone, or about double the entire population of the city at the opening of the present century. Here, too, when her time of prosperity was drawing to an end, Philippe IV and his Court enjoyed a curious form of sport—that of water bull-baiting. The bull was driven into the stream by men armed with lances, who prevented its escape, while *caballeros* in light skiffs attacked the unfortunate beast, rendered an easy prey by the current. Unhappily, the industry is dead, and so, happily, is the sport; which, however, to do it justice, seems to have dispensed with the worst feature of its orthodox form—the barbarous treatment of helpless horses.

Ascending from the stream and entering the city by one of the many gates in the old wall which still encircles it, we soon reach the Alcazar, the sight of which to a Spaniard recalls many historical episodes, notably the crowning of Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Castile and Leon, in 1474. A curious episode in English history may also be recalled by the fact that the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I, travelling



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SEGOVIA, LOOKING WESTWARD TO THE CATHEDRAL ACROSS THE VALLEY SPANNED BY THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT, OF WHICH ONLY THE UPPER TIER OF ARCHES CAN BE SEEN.

western limits of our circuit are reached, dominating the picture in its turn.

But evening is near, the valley is in deep shade, and to get the full effect of the castle and city glowing above the gloom it is tempting to emerge and, making a circuit, attain the edge of a high cliff facing the citadel across the river valley. This precipice is known as Peña Grajera (Crow's Cliff), a significant name for what in the Middle Ages was the Tarpeian Rock of Segovia. The top of this cliff of ghastly memory commands the ridge receding eastward, with the Alcazar well advanced on its western front and the cathedral farther back towering over the houses and minor churches and convents clustered round its base. The level beams of the setting sun impart an added glow to the light-toned walls which now stand out almost dazzlingly against the dark background of storm clouds dissolving and re-forming continuously above the Sierra eastward, while, down below, the Eresma glides through the cool shades of its ravine.

Returning to the city, as we descend into the valley in search of a bridge, the sight of a solitary flour mill by the stream calls to mind the importance of the Eresma in the past life of Segovia,

incognito with the Duke of Buckingham, lodged in the castle and supped, it is recorded, on "certain trouts of extraordinary greatness" caught in the Eresma below. Charles was on his way to Madrid, hoping his presence might expedite his proposed marriage with the Infanta Maria, sister of Philippe IV, which had become the centre of a labyrinth of political intrigue; James I expecting to secure political advantages on the Continent, Spain and the Pope insisting on concessions to Catholics which would result, they hoped, in bringing England back into the fold.

The identity of the visitors was an open secret, and the populace of Madrid received them with enthusiasm, singing a verse composed for the occasion by Lope de Vega:

Charles Stuart am I,
Love guides me from afar
To Spain's bespangled sky
To see Marie, my Star.

The star, however, proved unpropitious; the Pope and Spain wanted guarantees before dispensation, and, after many curious and amusing happenings, the affair ended in the return of the prince and duke, empty-handed and furious.

The failing light now reminds us that it is time to enter the Alcazar and look down on the marvellous picture disclosed. Except eastward, where the cathedral towers over roofs and spires and these in turn over the darkening valleys of the Eresma and Clamores receding to the sierra behind, the eye ranges over the plateau of Old Castile, which, monotonous enough in the hard light of day, now comes into its glory. The varied sands, clays and marls composing its soil blend in the afterglow into a translucent gloom of subdued ochres, browns and purples so characteristic of the Spanish landscape. But for a few solitary pine trees spared by some chance from the usual fate of timber where fuel is hard to come by, the rolling expanse is treeless. Far below, on the farther bank of the Eresma, are dim groups of buildings—abandoned churches and monasteries left isolated by the city's shrinkage.

Past the most curious of these—the old thirteenth century Romanesque Templar's church of La Vera Cruz, built dodecagonal on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem—a road leads the eye far north to a village on the horizon silhouetted against the evening sky. On the lighter surface of the road, dark moving objects can be discerned, usually in couples—peasants, draped in their long black cloaks, mounted, some on mules, others on diminutive donkeys, returning from market to their village homes. We are in the very atmosphere of "Don Quixote," and many scenes from its wonderful pages, hitherto dimly realised, become vividly projected in the mind, which should now be steeped in that mood of gentle melancholy prescribed to Gil Blas by the Governor Tordesillas for the full enjoyment of the prospect from the Alcazar of Segovia.

J. ARCHER.

CONES : MISCELLANEOUS

BY W. J. BEAN.

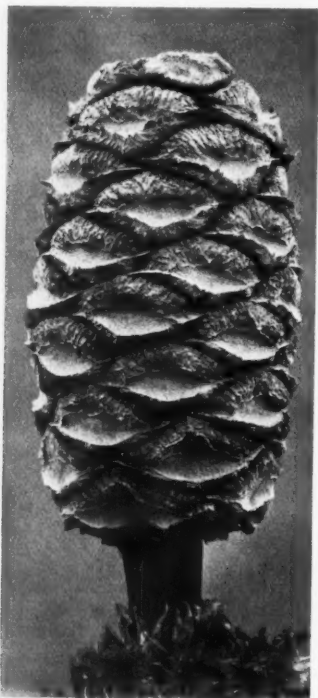
ARAUCARIA IMBRICATA (Chile Pine or Monkey Puzzle).—Everyone, almost, knows this tree, even if it be only by the dejected specimens one sees in front gardens in the suburbs of London. Their existence in such places is a manifestation of one of the most curious perversions of a taste for gardening it is possible to conceive. But while the tree itself is so well known, its cones, which are only produced by trees of considerable size and age, are not by any means so familiar. Many trees in the south-west and similarly mild places have been producing cones for years past, and even in colder localities the number of fertile trees is increasing gradually. The tree is hardly enough to survive in most parts of the country, and even in the Midlands I remember a really fine example in the Duchess Garden at Belvoir Castle. The most famous and impressive representation of this tree in England is at Bicton in South Devon, where there is an avenue of them some five hundred yards long, the trees being mostly 60ft. to 70ft. high. There is also a very fine avenue in the Earl of Stair's estate at Castle Kennedy in Wigtownshire. The cone here



ARAUCARIA BIDWILLII.

illustrated is a female one, and about 6ins. high by 6ins. wide. The male or pollen-bearing inflorescence is very different, being a cylindrical catkin up to 5ins. long. Trees of this Araucaria are usually one-sexed, i.e., either male or female, but instances occur, and they are perhaps more frequent than is usually supposed, of one tree producing both male and female flowers.

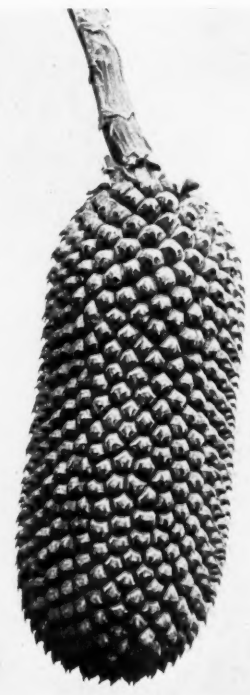
Araucaria Bidwillii (Bunya-bunya Pine).—The only Araucaria common in this country is the Chilean one just discussed, but altogether about half a score species exist, all coming from south of the equator. *A. imbricata*, is the only one of the genus that is successfully cultivated in the open air in the British Isles, although *A. excelsa*, the Norfolk Island pine, is occasionally tried in Cornwall, but even there it does not, so far as I am aware, really prosper. *A. Bidwillii* is a native of the coast district of Queensland, and two splendid trees of it reach the roof and make the dominant features of the large Temperate House at Kew. The foliage is very dark green and glossy, each leaf about 2ins. long, hard, stiff-pointed and crowded as they are in *A. imbricata*. The fine cone we illustrate was produced on one of these trees, and it measured 12ins. in height by 6ins. in diameter, and weighed about 10lb. The only place where I have seen it planted out of doors in Europe (there may be several others) is the garden of the Villa Thuret, situated a short distance from Antibes on the Riviera. Many other coniferous trees too tender for Britain are grown there, and the place is very well worth a visit by persons interested in this class of plants. It is maintained by the French Government and is open to the public, but is not, I think, well known to English people. Bidwill's Araucaria is a tree 150ft. high, and previous to the advent of the white man its seeds were an



ENCEPHALARTOS BRACHYPHYLLUS.

important item in the food supply of the aborigines in the localities where it grows—probably are so now. Each tribe had its own trees, which passed from generation to generation, and, as Bennett in his "Australasia" observes, they are the only form of hereditary property these people are known to possess.

Cupressus cashmeriana (Kashmir Cypress).—Visitors to Pallanza who have rowed across Lake Maggiore to the beautiful islet of Isola Madre situated on that piece of water cannot have failed to note and remember a singularly beautiful example of this tree that grows there. The guide will see to that, for it is the chief attraction of this exquisite spot and the finest specimen of its kind in Europe. I saw this tree about ten years ago, and it was then 65ft. high, its trunk 6ft. in girth, its foliage of a lovely silvery grey, and its long slender branchlets hanging in perfect grace, the whole tree a vegetative pyramid without flaw from top to bottom. It is not hardy near London, but succeeds well in Cornwall and similar places. A good specimen grew in the Himalayan House at Kew until it got too large, but it has been replaced by another. In our climate



PANDANUS FURCATUS.



ARAUCARIA IMBRICATA.

we do not, however, get the silvery sheen of the Italian tree. The cones are globular and about half an inch in diameter. The species, if species it be, is apparently unknown in a wild state; it may be merely a juvenile state of *Cupressus torulosa*.

Encephalartos Altensteinii.—The cones hitherto figured and commented on in these notes have all belonged to the family of plants to which they give the name, that is, the Coniferæ. But there are other families of plants which fructify in very similar fashion, and one of them is the Cycadaceæ or Cycad family. They are the survivors on the globe of a type of vegetation that occupied a prominent place in earlier epochs of the world's history, and are found abundantly in a fossil state subsequent to the coal period. Their remains show that once they constituted no inconsiderable part of the vegetation of Great Britain. In mode of growth these plants resemble the tree ferns, having usually a single stem surmounted by a crown of leaves, but their cones and seeds show that they are mostly closely related to the conifers. This *Encephalartos* comes from South Africa, and is one of the finest of its race; the leaves with their stiff, hard, spine-toothed leaflets (botanists call them fronds) are sometimes 6ft. long. The cones are singularly handsome, being 1ft., or even more, long, and 4ins. or 5ins. wide and rich yellow.

Encephalartos Hildebrandtii is a native of East Africa in the region opposite the island of Zanzibar, where it was discovered by the late Sir John Kirk in 1868. It bears a great resemblance in general character to the previous species, but the cones, also rich yellow, are longer and more slender. Its stem is sometimes 20ft. high as seen in a wild state, but usually much shorter.

Encephalartos brachyphyllus is the second cone figured, and this one was developed by a plant in the Kew collection. It is a native of South Africa, its stem much dwarfer than either of the preceding and more like a huge bulb.

Dioon edule is another of the same family, but comes from Mexico. It is, undoubtedly, one of the handsomest of all the Cycads, the leaves being usually 4 ft. to 6 ft. in length with the narrow, sharply pointed leaflets set very closely together on the main stalk. The cone is some 8ins. to 10ins. high, scarcely as wide, and is densely clothed with a tawny wool. The starchy seeds it contains are as large as a chestnut, and after being reduced to a powdered state are made into a kind of arrowroot. There are excellent examples of this in the large Palm House at Kew, where the national collection of this remarkable family of plants is chiefly housed. It is, indeed, only in the largest glasshouses such as this that they can be efficiently displayed. Most of them need tropical or semi-tropical conditions, but some

are successfully grown under cooler treatment. A Chinese species called *Cycas revoluta*, for instance, is quite common in the open air in the south of France and in Italy. I remember seeing, a good many years ago, growing in the open space outside the railway station at Genoa, the very finest example of this it has been my fortune to encounter. And at the Villa Thuret, near Antibes, previously mentioned in connection with *Araucaria Bidwillii*, at least two kinds of *Encephalartos* are growing without protection in the grounds.

Pandanus furcatus.—It is rather a far cry from the conifers and cycads, so far as botanical relationship is concerned, to the pandanads or "screw pines," those strange plants that inhabit India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago right away to Australia and New Caledonia, also East Africa, Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands, most commonly in the neighbourhood of the sea or in marshy country. They have long narrow leaves, in cross section like a Greek V, almost invariably very spiny at the edges and closely set, spiral fashion, on the branches. In the days when stove plants were popular a small variegated sort known as *Pandanus Veitchii* was quite common in hot-houses. Many of them are of tree-like size, and the only place where they can be seen in anything like their normal state is in the big Palm House at Kew. Even there some of them get so large that they have to be cut out eventually. They have the faculty—shared by some palms and the famous banyan tree of India—of sending down from the branches aerial roots which in time reach the earth, take root and, besides feeding the tree, act as props to the extending limbs, an indispensable provision in the soft marshy ground they so often inhabit. The remarkable female cone we illustrate was borne by a plant of *Pandanus furcatus* at Kew. It was pendulous, cylindrical, very spiny and about 3ins. long by 3ins. wide, but they are sometimes twice as long. This plant has an extensive natural range in India, Lower Burma and the Malay Archipelago, and is sometimes 40ft. high.



DIOON EDULE.



ENCEPHALARTOS ALTENSTEINII.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S NOTEBOOK*

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Cecil Torr will not carry out his present intention of making this third volume the last of his *Small Talk at Wreyland*. The reader is only beginning to get on intimate terms with the garrulous, learned and witty author. He leaves the impression that his conversation must be as diversified as his notes. Like them, too, we imagine that it is touched with a humour that can be biting on occasions. It is difficult to give an impression of the miscellaneous character of the notes that he has set down in this book. His thought goes back most frequently to university days at Cambridge at a time when there were old Dons who "rampaged like mad bulls, if you just waved red rags at them." The Method of Projections was the proper rag to wave before a mathematical Don, and Archaeology before the classical. There is scarcely a page which has not some illustration of the wit which is brought to bear on learning. For instance, a Mr. Y. rebuked a girl who was singing in a hayfield about the new-mown hay. He said that if it was only new-mown, it was grass and would not become hay till it had undergone a process of fermentation. She looked so sad that our author struck in, saying that "hay" meant hedge. He confesses that he is not quite so sure about it now as he was then, but said "'Hay' sounds very like 'haie,' which is the French for 'hedge.'" He declared that the grass had been hay from the time when it was hedged, that is, had been hay ever since the seeds were sown, and he made a distinction between grass and hay that showed some knowledge of agriculture. If you sow for pasture, you put in grasses that ripen in succession; but if you grow for hay, you want grasses that ripen simultaneously. Of Cambridge Dons he has many stories to tell. On the roads near Cambridge they could be seen walking until they came to a milestone, which they would touch with their hands and return. They had learnt by experience exactly how many miles they should walk in order to keep themselves fit. One of them, instead of turning at a milestone, would take out a biscuit, put it down and then walk on. On coming back we gather that he picked up the biscuits and ate them, carrying into practice a saying in the Mishnah that where your food is, there also is your home.

He tells of a Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge who wrote a book on the Hebrew text in the Old Testament. It was in two volumes with 1,200 pages. After the death of this friend he wished to look at the book, and, being unable to get it from a bookseller, he had the University Library copy sent down from Cambridge. It had been in the library close on forty years, yet only two pages had their edges cut. He deems it strange that no one had curiosity enough to see more of the book.

Another story is of a learned professor at Oxford who produced a great deal of laughter by his blunders. Once, however, when Mr. Torr was joining others in the laugh, a friend asked a question which put them to shame and silence: "Do any of you know of any other man in England who would sit for two hours up to his neck in a Syrian sewer in order to copy an inscription?" He draws a delightful picture of another Don whom he always went to see when he was in Oxford and who was always ready for a talk on Dante or Strabo. He was usually found in an easy-chair exactly in front of the fire with Minos and Rhadamanthus seated on footstools on each side of it. They were cats, and their names had been given them when he returned from a tour in Crete when they were in their kittenhood. Delightful is the story of the Senior Wrangler who lectured an undergraduate for forty minutes on the theory of the common pump, and the undergraduate then asked him, "But why does the water go up?"

The generation among whom he was brought up did not value education very highly. He tells of one old lady who said that it would be horrible if her maids could read, as she would not be able to leave her letters lying about. Official confirmation of this dread of education is furnished by extracts from "A General View of the Agriculture of the County of Devon," by Charles Vancouver, Surveyor to the Board of Agriculture. In one passage we find the surveyor looking forward with a sort of dread to the probable consequences of establishing Sunday schools; and in another he asks, "How will it be possible to suppress communications and a concert among the multitude, when they are all gifted with the means of corresponding and contriving schemes of sedition and insurrection with each other?"

Sometimes he broaches on very modern theory indeed, as in the following passage:

In the Colonies and India there are races quite impervious to our civilisation and living in their own ancestral way; and I imagine

that these natives lived their own lives here regardless of the way the Romans lived. They were Prehistoric in the sense that they were living like primeval ancestors of theirs whose history is unknown; but they were not Prehistoric in the sense of having lived in that far past themselves, nor are their implements and buildings Prehistoric in that sense. Yet enormous dates B.C. are given to Prehistoric remains here which may not be much earlier than 300 A.D., or even as old as that.

What he teaches here is the theory of civilisation advanced in that remarkable book "The Children of the Sun." The theory is that the colonising Egyptians had as neighbours uncivilised men and that they reared the beautiful stone fabrics that are to be found in the most desolate and unexpected parts of the world, which passed into ruins when they left or died out, the native population taking no interest in them. It is all the more notable because of the obviously Egyptian remains in Great Britain, to which he calls attention.

* *Small Talk at Wreyland*, by Cecil Torr. Third Series. (Cambridge University Press, 8s. 6d. net.)

The Bravo Mystery and Other Cases, by Sir John Hall, Bt. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.)

SIR JOHN HALL has a pretty taste in murder and mystery; he writes of them at once soberly and carefully, yet allows his love of what is picturesque and romantic in them to peep through. The chief dish which he sets this time before his fellow epicures in murder is the famous Bravo case of 1876. It provides a riddle at once simple and baffling. The unfortunate Mr. Bravo was certainly poisoned by antimony, and it is surely almost equally certain that he did not deliberately poison himself. The antimony was either in the burgundy he drank at dinner or the water he probably drank before going to bed, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that one of two people, or, perhaps, the two in conspiracy, put it there. But exactly why they did it or whence they got the antimony nobody will ever be able to tell. Against the third person suspected, a famous doctor, there was no real evidence. Sir John clearly holds him innocent, and seems to lean in his beliefs towards the most sinister female figure in the drama, but he writes with a very proper dispassionateness and leaves us agreeably wondering. His other four cases are of various kinds. He revives what was well worth reviving, the story of the fight to the death in Northumberland Street between Major Murray with a bottle and a pair of tongs, and Roberts, the money-lender, with a pistol, and gives an interesting account of the shooting in a Paris duel of Dujaier, the lover of the famous Lola Montez. The remaining stories are of dead and gone royalties, Ernest Duke of Cumberland and George IV. The duke was suspected of murdering his valet, but Sir John shows that the valet committed suicide after making a singularly futile attempt to murder his master. George IV has been popularly believed to have been, as Prince of Wales, warned off Newmarket Heath, but this is unjust. The Stewards told him that if he continued to employ Sam Chifney as his jockey, no gentleman would run a horse against him, and the Prince, refusing to abandon Chifney, shook the dust of Newmarket off his feet. The rather long drawn-out story of the running of the horse Escape does not leave much doubt in the reader's mind that the verdict on Chifney was a correct one; but it is a question whether the affair was worth disinterring. Racing can be tedious as well as dishonest.

A Sampler of Castile, by Roger Fry. (The Hogarth Press, 25s.)

THE chief difficulty of intelligent travelling is courageous discrimination. Great monuments of art are vested with such a tradition of veneration that the stranger dares rarely to raise a dissident voice, even if, amid the kaleidoscopic succession of new experiences and sentimental associations, his critical faculty survives at all. These "variegated, vivid and odd impressions" of Mr. Fry's, "botched together from scraps written at odd moments in halls of hotels when dinner lingered in waiting rooms, in trains, in trams even; whenever or wherever, in short, the chance of crystallising some of these haunting images in words presented itself," are of that refreshingly naïve nature which one hopes for, but rarely gets, in the letters from friends abroad, informed in this case by wide, general knowledge and an, at least, untrammelled eye. Mr. Fry gives us his impressions of most of the cities of northern Spain, architectural and incidental, and some pleasing chalk and pen and wash drawings of landscapes. Above all, Mr. Fry says exactly what he thinks about Spanish Gothic and baroque—the latter not infrequently coming off, as it should do with an unprejudiced mind, decidedly the better. The notes, we are told, were not designed for publication, so it is scarcely fair to complain that the criticisms would be easier to appreciate if the objects criticised were occasionally illustrated. Pictures are not considered individually, though the paragraphs on the emotional aim of Spanish art are stimulating. "Stimulating" describes the book as a whole; a sensation assisted by the excellent production of the printed pages.

The Rover, by Joseph Conrad. (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

IT is a thankless and unwelcome task to review a book by Mr. Conrad in terms any less glowing than those of former occasions. It is a little difficult, too, to place the finger of criticism on the cause of disappointment. Carefully considering the impressions left behind, perhaps a certain theatricality in some incidents, the fact that two or three of the characters never come quite alive and that no character is very much alive is the explanation. Mr. Conrad's conception of old Peyrol, retired gunner in the Navy of the French Republic, ex-Brother of the Coast, and of his coming to the lonely farmhouse of Escampobar and finding the first tender emotion of his life in pitiful affection for a young girl driven mad by the horrors of the Terror, is a large and characteristic one, and Peyrol only very narrowly misses taking his place among the great portraits in Mr. Conrad's gallery. The apprehension of Peyrol's devotion to the mad girl is so subtly conveyed, his final sacrifice in carrying the false despatches which should have been carried by her lover,

the Lieutenant, into the jaws of Nelson's Fleet is so little stressed that their significance comes upon the reader gradually as sunshine comes at dawn, and this is excellent artistry. Some of the descriptions, particularly of light on the sea, some of the phrases in which he describes mental states are Mr. Conrad at his best. His seamanship is evident every now and then in the use of some word strange in a landsman's mouth, once in a wonderful passage which brings a sailing ship in all her beauty clear before us. Nelson among the *dramatis personae* even for a moment, and, as a setting, the French Revolution, retold by our novelists till it has become a weariness to the reader, may possibly have helped to diminish reviewer's appreciation.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

THE dawn of every New Year brings with it its own crop of books of reference, and it seems fitting to begin these notes with, perhaps, the most important of them all. *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* (Dean and Son, 75s.). With 3,300 pages, in double pagination, covering so large a field in one volume and with the honourable record of having appeared in three centuries, it deserves its pride of place. The usefulness of Debrett has made it a household word throughout the world, and, besides the interesting historical detail which is embedded in many of the biographies, the preface always makes extremely good reading. An instance of that is the pointing out, in this year's volume, of the fact that six of the contracting parties in last year's four Royal weddings were descended from the same Plantagenet ancestor, Richard Duke of York: the Duke of York, Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Maud from his son,

Edward IV; Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and Lord Carnegie through George, Duke of Clarence; and the Marquess of Worcester through both. *The Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide, 1924* (Kelly's Directories, 7s. 6d.) is another very useful production, particularly for anyone who spends much time in town. It gives the names and addresses of the occupiers of the better class private houses in a very wide area and, wherever possible, their telephone numbers. A list of golf clubs with particulars of fees and other information is a pleasing feature. Plans of most of the theatres and the Albert Hall and a good map are further recommendations.

A very pleasant volume is Sir Thomas Graham Jackson's *Memories of Travel* (Cambridge, 10s. 6d.). Another new volume is Sir Arthur Shipley's *Life* (Cambridge University Press, 6s.), of which its author characteristically remarks that, while primarily written for students of biology, he hopes that it will "be not without interest to the public that is not preparing for examinations, and thank heaven that public is still in the great majority!" *Islamic Architecture* (Tiranti, 3s.), by Sattar Kheiri; and *Some XVIIIth Century Designs for Interior Decoration of Abraham Swan* (Tiranti, £1), by Mr. Arthur Stratton, have also come to hand.

We have also received *Roads to Success* (Williams and Norgate, 1s.), by W. T. Maxwell; *Women House Property Managers* ("Building News," 1s.), by J. M. Upcott; *The Income Tax Handbook, Revised Edition, 1923-24* (Collins, 2s. 6d.), by J. L. Ounsworth; *A Right Start* (Methuen, 2s.), in which Mr. Frederick E. Johnson deals with the problem of placing boys and girls of the working classes in satisfactory and lasting employment; *The Empire Birthday Book* (Waterlow, 6s.), compiled by Major L. A. W. Brooks; *The Austin Dobson Calendar, 1924* (Milford, 1s. 6d.), and *Your Fate in the Cards* (Hutchinson, 1s. 6d.), by Evan Forbes. *The Cornhill Magazine* (Murray, 1s. 6d.) for January begins the New Year well with many good contributions, including a story by Miss Jane Findlater.

LUCA SIGNORELLI

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

AT this fourth centenary of his death it is fitting to remember the place held by Luca Signorelli in the development of art. Since his most extensive works are frescoes—the Orvieto "End of the World," off the beaten track, and the Monte Oliveto "Life of St. Benedict," in a remote Tuscan monastery—he is not an artist to be very widely known. Moreover, his essentially modern subjection of colour to sculptural relief, and his tense, violent conception, though they form the immediate precedents for the art of Michelangelo,

and are the first manifestation of the baroque in art, are not such as to appeal to the votaries of Raphael, or to receive quite their due from the intellectual disciples of Leonardo and Botticelli. But to those who find in the Umbrians, apart from the Gentile-Perugino-Pinturicchio clan, and especially in Piero della Francesca, a vitality and sincerity lacking alike in the archaicism of Siennese, and in the grace and colour of Florentine art, Signorelli stands as one of the culminations of the Renaissance.



ORVIETO: "THE RESURRECTION."



"HELL."

Born in Cortona about 1442, Vasari remembered him as a stately octogenarian just before his death on October 16th, 1523. He states that he was a pupil of Piero della Francesca, on whose designs at Loretto he subsequently worked, but whom he left soon after 1466 in order to work with the Pollaiuoli at Florence. Thus Luca assimilated at an early stage the discoveries of the greatest Umbrian and the most experimental Florentines of the day. Piero, the disseminator of Uccello's linear perspective over Central Italy and master of static form and of a kind of atmospheric perspective, grounded him in composition and illumination, and imparted to the young man some of his solemn mysticism. Signorelli brought Piero's traditions to their fullness of development in one of the Monte Oliveto episodes of the "Life of St. Benedict"—that of the two brethren who broke fast outside the monastery. This, in some ways, is one of the most remarkable works of the Italian quattrocento: for in the dim interior, with its luminous white walls, the glimpse of golden light beyond the knocking figure in the door, the vivid *genre* scenes, and, above all, in the figure of the maid in the left foreground pouring out wine, Luca gives a foretaste of de Hooghe and Vermeer that is nothing less than astounding. It goes to form, together with Piero's "Dream of Constantine" at Arezzo and some of

MONTE OLIVETO: TWO MONKS BREAKING FAST.
("Life of St. Benedict.")



A GROUP IN "THE END OF THE WORLD."

Leonardo's experiments towards psychological representation by means of deep shadows, that premature chiaroscuro which did not reappear until in Caravaggio, over a century later, and with such luminous refraction not until Rembrandt.

Most of Signorelli's work, though, is more affected by the Pollaiuoli, from whom he acquired his dynamics: for Piero had not the Florentine passion for the mastery of movement. Luca's own contribution to art was the first thorough mastery of anatomy, and for him anatomy became the principal stimulant of his perception. In gratification of his passion for anatomical form he embarked on the designs of the great "Resurrection" and "Hell" at Orvieto, which provided orgiastic opportunities. What Signorelli did here was to broaden and accentuate the rhythm of art. The movements of his figures tend to be on a much bigger scale than those of his contemporaries and predecessors. It is the first sign of that enlargement of the unit of design which Michelangelo was to develop into the baroque in sculpture and painting, and the descendants of Vignola and Palladio in architecture. As yet, the exaggeration and ecstasy which the counter-Reformation infused into religious art has not appeared, and in these figures of Signorelli we may see the beginnings of the baroque, severely naturalistic, tense and unexaggerated, but unmistakable.

The Orvieto frescoes derive much of their immense force from this very avoidance of exaggeration. Signorelli obviously believed in every incident he depicted with an uncompromising faith. He was probably the last great artist to do so, and the first to do so with such effect since Traini at Pisa 200 years before. Beside this terrible orthodoxy the brilliant Pantheism of Michelangelo seems almost loud and vulgar. On this great series in the severe Gothic cathedral at Orvieto, high on its precipitous plateau in that grotesque volcanic country, Luca laboured from 1499 till 1502, and set forth in four large scenes and in four lesser ones, fitted round the transept arch and above the altar, the stages of the Last Day. In the first we see the preaching of Antichrist prompted by the Devil, before an enrapt crowd. A huge piazza stretches behind the crowd, in which Antichrist is seen working a miracle by Beelzebub, and superintending the execution of godly men; while sinister black figures defile a Bramantesque cathedral. On the left of the piazza the first avenging angel exterminates Antichrist in mid-air and strikes dead a crowd of men below with a mysterious ray. The end has begun. In the next scene the sun and moon are darkened, the stars and the cities fall, and an old man tells to a knot of incredulous youths that these tokens are the end of all things. Beyond the arch, the armies of hell, let loose, swoop over the earth on vampire wings. The inhabitants rush hither and thither with bowed heads or eyes strained up, and ears blocked against the ghastly vibrating hum of the leathern wings and the stifling burr of the fiends' red killing breath. Signorelli shows us a group in detail stumbling blindly over a heap of yet quivering corpses—the mothers with their babes, the maddened men, all in a moment to roll dead on the ground. This scene, in which anatomical perspective has produced a pattern as pure as one of Uccello's, is itself like nothing so much as an episode in some future war of extermination with aeroplanes armed with lethal rays. And Signorelli knew the horror of it four hundred years ago.

The next scene is the "Resurrection"—the most solemn of the compositions. In the starry sky two gigantic archangels, whose wings, blue and purple, span the arch of heaven, sound their trumpets, and the forms of men and women painfully drag themselves—irresistibly drawn upwards—from out of the soil of which they have become part. Once free from their clinging womb they sink exhausted by the effort of this second birth, while the flesh forms again upon the bones, and they are restored to youth and love. It is impossible to watch this wonderful picture without awe. The events portrayed naturally dispose us to wonder; but above all is the *rhythm*, the great slow movement of the figures in their various attitudes pregnant with emotion. Each group of bodies, too, by their amazing "largeness" of conception, symbolises some tremendous psychic aspect of the scene. With a comparatively few figures Signorelli has, by rhythm, made us feel that the whole world rises before our eyes.

In the "Hell" scene, Signorelli relies more on his realism to gain his effect than in the previous scenes. Yet, the main theme, given out by the magnificent group of the fiend carrying a woman, in the centre of the composition, is dispassionately psychological. In the midst of a seething representation of corporal agony the motionless proud face of this woman expresses the whole agony of soul of the damned. The colouring here again is sombre—bronze flesh mixed with the prismatic metallic-coloured fiends, in whose forms meet the colours of tempered steel. Their wings are grey and membranous against a sulphurous sky. In the fourth scene, of "Heaven," Signorelli had not the tense emotions to express which were essential for his complete success; and though the design has the same broad rhythm, it lacks the æsthetic as well as the dramatic significance of the others.

In a corner of the Antichrist scene, Signorelli has painted his own portrait with that of Fra Angelico, who had previously executed figures on the ceiling. His iron-grey curls surround a tense, deeply lined face, and in the expression he has imprisoned for all time the awe of an artist before his completed achievement, in which he feels that he has also prophesied a ghastly and impending disaster. He has preserved for us his moment of triumph when, the creative fever cooled, he stepped back, near to tears, both humbled and exalted by his achievement.

This incomparable work, which set a new rhythm for all subsequent art, was the consummation of Signorelli's life. He had never before had such an opportunity, and after its completion he practically left off painting (the early "Circumcision" in our gallery is a superb example of the tenseness of his figures—every nerve in them is straining as they watch the knife performing the operation. Our larger "Nativity" is probably a post-Orvieto studio piece). Luca was turned sixty in 1502, and he lived the remainder of his life leisurely in the odour of veneration. To Vasari he was "the good old man" who yet "lived ever as a signor and an honoured gentleman rather than as a painter." But if he was accorded civic processions and rode in rich clothes on a fine horse—he had achieved one of the supreme masterpieces of the world.



SIGNORELLI AND FRA ANGELICO (IN "THE PREACHING OF ANTICHRIST"), ORVIETO.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT ARE WILDFOWL?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the Shooting page of COUNTRY LIFE for October 27th is given a list of nine species of wildfowl shot by a gunner in one day, viz., curlew, whimbrel, bar-tailed godwit, ringed and golden plover, turnstone, redshank, dunlin and one Arctic skua. None of these birds is wildfowl, but, with the exception of the last, merely shore birds, shot by a shore-shooter, not a wildfowler. Wildfowl are swans, geese and ducks, and no other birds come under this head. The following show lists of nine species of real wildfowl shot in one day: (1) Whooper swan, mute swan; ducks—mallard, wigeon, gadwall, pochard, scaup, tufted, long-tail; (2) Brent goose; ducks—mallard, wigeon, teal, eider, velvet scoter, scaup, merganser, long-tail; (3) pink-footed geese, mallard, wigeon, shoveller, scaup, common scoter, merganser, eider, long-tail. If we include all these shore birds, waders, etc., the following bag, made in the Hebrides many years ago, shows not nine but twenty-five species! Bewick's swan, white-fronted goose, barnacle goose, mallard, wigeon, teal, gadwall, shoveller, woodcock, snipe, jack-snipe, black guillemot, curlew, oystercatcher, ringed plover, golden plover, green plover, turnstone, purple sandpiper, dunlin, sanderling, redshank, Sclavonian grebe, coot, water-rail.—H. W. ROBINSON.

SEATON DELAVAL HALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the course of his interesting illustrated article on Seaton Delaval Hall in COUNTRY LIFE of December 8th and 15th, Mr. Hussey states, with reference to Sir Ralph Delaval (died 1628), that "There are various references to him as a Border Commissioner under the Council of the North in the Muncaster papers, but never sufficient to individualise him." Perhaps your contributor would like to know that there is a collection of various letters, receipts and family papers relating to Sir Ralph (and many others of the Delaval family) in the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Public Reference Library, a perusal of which sheds considerable light on his character. The following (abbreviated) extract, which is rather illuminating, from one of these documents has already been published by Mr. H. H. E. Craster in his "History of Northumberland," Vol. IX. "He kept an open, great, and plentiful house for entertainment, his owne family consisting dayly in his house of threescore persons and above. His life was religious. He governed his people in excellent order, and stocked and managed his whole estate himself, directing his servants dayly their several labours. He never rid to any publike assembly without five or six men in liveries and two or three of his sons to attend him. He never affected drinking. Cards nor dice, he never could abide them. He delighted much in the company of his kinsmen and friends and entretyning of strangers in his house. His apparell ever decent, not rich. He was a man of voluble tongue, excellent discourse and of good memory. He understood the Latine and Greek tongues, and in his younger dayes did write much of severall subjects. He loved hunting but left it of, long ere he died. He was very zealous in his religion which he openly professed to the last, and, having settled his estate by will of his own writing, taken the communion, blessed his wife and children and desiring absolution of his sins from the minister, which done, within 24 houres he made a calm and quiett period of his life." The writer of the above was Thomas Delaval, third son of Sir Ralph.—BASIL ANDERTON.

FROM FEMALE TO MALE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Much has been written lately about the assumption of the male plumage on the part of female birds, and *vice versa*. This phenomenon has been observed in various members of the avian tribes, especially in ducks, geese, domesticated fowls, peacocks and pheasants.

A notable recent example is afforded by a female golden pheasant, in the possession of a resident of Worksop, Notts. Some months ago the cock pheasant died and, latterly, the female has assumed, not the widow's robes of mourning, but the gorgeous livery of her departed spouse! It will be interesting to note if she continues to produce eggs. The male golden pheasant is one of the most splendidly attired of all birds, while the female is of comparatively sombre coloration. Hence, the transformation from the female to the male type of plumage is rendered all the more remarkable.—C. W. G.

ANTICIPATING SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your charming article "On Smoking or Not Smoking," in the Christmas Number reminds me of a curious gargoyle in Laycock Church, a photograph of which I enclose. The creature has every appearance of smoking a pipe—of the early clay type—the bowl of which joined the stem at an angle very



"SMOKING OR NOT SMOKING?"

similar to the projection beyond the hand in this example.—F. J. PENNECUK.

[This spirited gargoyle dates from the fifteenth century and so cannot possibly have been intended to represent a smoker. He is blowing a horn.—ED.]

A BLUE BED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. Herbert Browne headed "A Blue Bed," in which he queries the use of blue for upholstery as early as the latter half of the seventeenth century, John Carpenter, Town Clerk of London from 1417 to 1438, and executor of the famous Dick Whittington, mentions in his will, dated 1441, a bed "with a colour testour with hangynge of blue bokeram." I have distinct recollections of the mention of blue hangings in England long before that, but cannot give "chapter and verse" at the moment.—JANET HUNTER DOUGHTY.

SILOS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The want of feeding stuff by the crofters in the "Outer Isles" on the West of Scotland is causing great anxiety to these poor people. The potato crop has been a failure, and the

extremely wet summer has prevented the ripening of their corn, a large portion of which is still standing in a green state. It is thought that if they could be encouraged to put up some kind of simple silo, they might be able to provide better winter feeding for their stock, and thus tide over a bad season like the present. A good many of the crofters have had, this season, to sell off their cows owing to their inability to feed them. If any of your readers know of any simple and cheap method of constructing silos, I should be extremely obliged if they would send me particulars, as I am collating such information for the Island of Lewis and other western districts.—WALTER G. COLES.

"MYSTERIOUS SHOT PELLETS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to "Shooting Notes" in your issue of December 1st, I feel impelled to describe a recollection of schooldays. The father of one of my schoolmates owned a small iron-foundry in Shropshire, where we were in the habit of resorting each "casting day" to collect the solidified "splashes" from the tops of the sand-boxes, to use as ammunition for our catapults. I can clearly recollect that the drops of a size suitable for our purpose were almost invariably flattened spheroids, while the very small ones were exact spheres and almost identical with No. 5 or less lead shot. I think your correspondent is not far from the mark in his surmises. Where that pheasant came from there is probably a small foundry, either still or fairly recently in operation.—RETIRED N.O.

"A WORD FOR THE YOUNG FARMER."

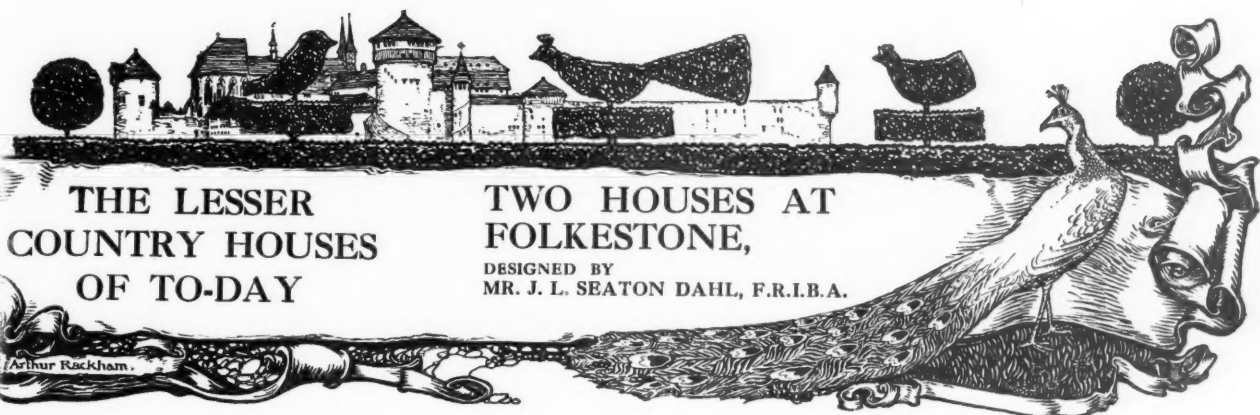
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue dated December 15, page 876, is a letter from a correspondent, Mr. K. H. Green, on Farm Enterprise. For some years I have been running a small farm of 160 acres, endeavouring to test the intensive production theory, which, to my mind, is the only one possible in most parts of this country under present conditions. My great trouble has been to get men who will take interest and pride in their work; the average farm hand is hopeless. I have a very conscientious working foreman, and have now come to the conclusion that we must look to a different class of men if the farm industry is going to prosper at all in this country; the actual wage paid is not the deciding factor, it is the value of the produce yielded per hand that counts. I should like to hear from two or three intelligent men with the object of coming to an agreement to give this theory a practical test.—E. J. MOORE.

PIED WAGTAILS AND THEIR NESTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A *propos* of Mr. Litten's interesting letter in your issue of November 17th on "how long does it take a pair of pied wagtails to select their nesting site and build their nest complete?" I should like to add that Mr. Litten's observations in this particular case entirely agree with my own experiences in connection with the *later* nests of this species. With first nests it is different, however, for most wagtails under my notice make some four or even five attempts at nest-building before finally settling down. They usually have three broods in a season, their first nest, with a full complement of eggs, being completed by the third week in April. In such cases these birds will commence building some weeks before, proving very fickle; but with their second and third nests one week is the usual period taken for the selection of a new site and a completed nest with one egg. By this they have apparently recognised the true value of time! In view of these experiences I should be grateful to Mr. Litten if he could let us know whether the nesting season had far advanced when the instance came under his particular notice.—GEO. J. SCHOLEY.



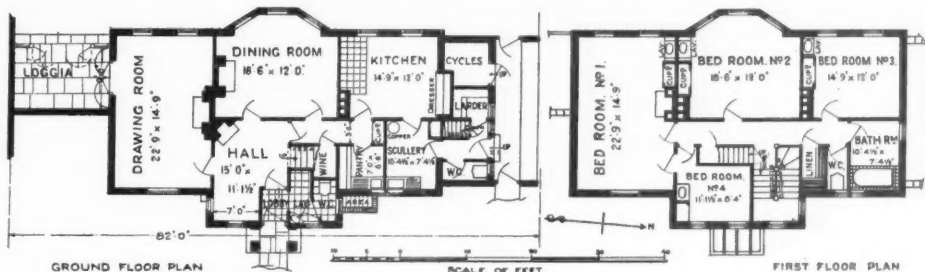
FOLKESTONE is a place where one can see the good, the indifferent and the bad in seaside architecture; but it is at least gratifying to note that among the new houses are many which have not been set up in accordance with the land speculator's recipe, but have been designed by architects with a nicer sense of the proprieties. Of this kind are several houses which have recently been erected there by Mr. Seaton Dahl. Most of them are houses not directly on the sea front, but facing roads that have been laid out at the back of the Leas, and the majority of them are based on the good Georgian model. Two are here shown: The White Cottage, in Godwin Road, and a doctor's house, Kimberley (a name which recalls the owner's South African memories), in Jointon Road. These houses, and others of their kin, have brick shells overspread with cement, whitened or colourwashed, and with louvered shutters picked out in fresh green; the roofs being covered with good tiles.

The ground and first floor plans of The White Cottage are given on this page, and a study of these will show that the arrangements have been worked out to make good use of every inch of space and to group the rooms so as to secure the advantages of easy service, which is a primary essential to-day. The entry leads into a lobby, from which one steps into a hall of fair size, with a fireplace set in a corner. To the left is the drawing-room. This is an oblong room, about 23 ft. by 15 ft., with two windows looking out on to the garden side, and a pair of French windows at this end opening into a loggia. The loggia is a feature that is being increasingly used in this country, following, perhaps, the common custom of the sun room which appears on most American plans; and a very pleasant feature it is, for, as here, it becomes practically an outdoor extension of the sitting-room.

The dining-room is centrally placed on the garden front, and has a good-sized bay, which, repeating on the first floor, serves to add appreciably to the space within and makes a satisfactory break on the exterior elevation. The kitchen is adjacent. It is planned as a working place, though the dirtier tasks are relegated to the scullery, which opens off it.



THE WHITE COTTAGE: ENTRANCE FRONT.



THE WHITE COTTAGE: GARDEN FRONT

The pantry and larder are conveniently adjacent, and a place for cycles completes the ground floor accommodation.

On the first floor are four bedrooms, the largest being the same size as the drawing-room, while the smallest, at the front, is just over 11ft. by 8ft. 6ins. One bedroom comes over the kitchen. Objection is sometimes made to a bedroom coming over the kitchen, but modern cooking arrangements have largely overcome the objection; moreover, it is difficult to see how, in a comparatively small house, the arrangement can be avoided. In this house, at least, half the space over the service quarters has been taken by the bathroom, w.c. and linen cupboard. The first-floor plan is thus well conceived, for it gives three of the bedrooms a west aspect. Incidentally it may be noted that each of the rooms has a cupboard, and a lavatory basin fitted with hot and cold water. In the attic are three more bedrooms and a boxroom, thus making full use of the roof space; while in a basement, accessible from the back staircase, is accommodation for the heating and hot-water supply boilers, and space for coal and coke. R. R. P.



KIMBERLEY: ENTRANCE FRONT.

THE ESTATE MARKET THE YEAR ENDS WELL

SALES of properties of considerable magnitude have continued right up to the end of the working period of the closing year, and one of them, that of the Studley Royal and Fountains Abbey estate, announced last week, represented, according to Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, who acted for the purchaser, Mr. Vyner, about a quarter of a million sterling. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons represented the executors of the late Lord Ripon, the vendors.

Business for the closing year wound up more than a week ago, and very vigorously, a strong effort being made in all directions to make up for the interruption caused by the General Election. That it did cause some interference with work was unquestionable, but the modern method of conducting these contests compresses the affair into a comparatively short period, and perhaps of all times of the year at which, with the least loss and inconvenience to estate agents, an election can be held, December is the best. It is to be hoped that the New Year will not give everybody an opportunity of comparing the recent December election with one at some other period of the year.

It is possible to forecast that most of the agents who write their experiences in 1923 will be able to present a cheerful picture, and to find in much of what has happened in 1923 the promise of yet a brighter year.

THE BREAK-UP OF LATHOM.

TO intending vendors of estates on which the growing timber is of particular importance, the conditions of sale and the classification of that on the Lathom estates, in the illustrated particulars of the estate, cannot fail to be of considerable interest. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley give two or three pages to this section of the saleable lots, and we have never seen timber catalogued with more completeness, nor offered with fairer or more comprehensive stipulations as to the time and mode of clearing, and the safeguarding of the rights of buyers of the land. The details state the class of tree, as, for example, in one lot, oak, 216 trees, and the volume of the timber, 7,062 cubic feet. It must have taken a long while to get the details so precisely, and, remembering delightful days in some of the celebrated woodlands of Great Britain, we should say that it was a pleasant task.

Lathom House and its 370 acres take a secondary place nowadays, and it is, in fact, lotted in wings, one of which is at present the estate agent's residence and office, and the other is suggested as capable of conversion into a good separate house. The mansion proper is now Blythe Hall, surely one of the most sumptuously fitted houses in England. The Roman swimming bath is an elaborate

structure, and the luxury of its use is rounded off with the Russian steam baths close by. The garden hall, also illustrated in the particulars, is a finely proportioned apartment. The main staircase has balusters of spiral crystal glass, and the handrails and newels are of carved ebony. The study is panelled in pitch pine and decorated with carved fruit swags and pendants. With Blythe Hall go just over 21 acres, a couple of miles from Ormskirk station. The complete thoroughness with which all matters affecting the house have been thought out is revealed in such points as the existence of a softening apparatus for the water used in the swimming bath. There is a heated garage with accommodation for four cars.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will hold the auction of the 4,000 acres, with its rent-roll of £10,000 a year, at Ormskirk on January 9th and 10th.

Mr. Gladstone liked Holmbury, near Dorking, which has just been purchased by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of a client, and another who knew and loved it was the late Lord Tennyson. The property, on the summit of Holmbury Hill, of 80 acres, commands views of Chancerybury Ring and Shoreham Gap. Messrs. Robinson, Williams and Burnands acted as the vendors.

THE FIRST LONDON "REVIEW."

IN the course of a long and informative review of their experience of the Estate Market during the closing year, Messrs. Harrods, Limited, state that they have found a brisk and improving demand for residential property in London and the country, alike in sales and lettings. "The question of fixing reserves has been no easier this year than last, and the agent who sought to rely upon recorded transactions (instead of, as in our own practice, to bring to bear on the problem of the latest considerations affecting value in any way), would have been wide of the mark in most cases throughout the year. Values fluctuate far more, and far oftener, than anyone not conversant with estate matters would imagine, and, though it sometimes happens that clients have to be informed that prices or rentals obtained, perhaps quite recently, perhaps years ago or under very exceptional circumstances, have no relevance to existing conditions, not infrequently it happens that our Estate Department is able to point out to a client that there has been a change which operates to his advantage."

After remarking the tendency seen in a number of cases in the year to sell houses, "lock, stock and barrel," and often at nominal prices, they say that at the weekly auctions at their Brompton Road estate salerooms "a word of apology has frequently this year had to be offered from the rostrum for the non-presenta-

tion of a property that had appeared in that day's list, inasmuch as private treaty beforehand had led to its realisation.

"One of the functions of the estate agent is," Messrs. Harrods add, "to urge the expediency of the old saying *Festina lente*," in other words, cautious progress towards the desired end, be it buying or selling; and the advice is sound.

For practical reasons, and in no sense word-splitting, they declare that "Unique" is one of the most abused words in the language, and it seldom, except under express instructions from a client, appears in our announcements. Except in one sense, and that not the sense in which it is ever employed, "unique" cannot be applied to properties. Experience shows that no property is of such a singularity of charm or of value in other respects that an exorbitant price need be paid for it.

"In the present year we have handled scores of country houses and other properties of great excellence, but not widely dissimilar in many characteristics. It stands to reason that they cannot be, nor do they need to be, nor could they gain by being so, for, common to most of them, was some considerable element of that quality often almost indefinable except by a poet, that constitutes the loveliness of England and Wales, a loveliness that is made up by the charm of the separate hereditaments."

"Beyond everything as an attraction now appears to be proximity to golf links. If only with an eye on ultimate realisation of their properties it would seem a good thing for owners to club together to provide golf courses in districts which have none at present. Golfing is the determining factor in scores of purchases. We have found this to be so again this year, and more than ever the tendency is pronounced."

"What may be called 'pleasure farming' is also greatly on the increase, leading to a demand for houses with a moderate acreage."

In some helpfully suggestive observations, on the class of country house for which there is the best enquiry, they say that more than one bathroom is now needed, and that a double or treble garage is preferred in the case of the better houses. They think the promise of 1923 is for a busy New Year.

NOTABLE VENDORS AND PURCHASERS.

PROPERTIES in the Newbury district, for £23,000, just sold by Messrs. Thake and Paginton, include Cope Hall, Enborne, and 9 acres, to Admiral Fowler; The Limes, Speen, and 2 acres to Colonel Allen; and, in conjunction with Messrs. Nicholas, Baughurst House and 57 acres, to Colonel and Lady Hordern. The Manor House, Brightwell, near Didcot, has been sold to Mr. Kindersley Porcher. The 6 acres contain the remains of a moat. This property belonged to Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. S. Brooke, C.M.G., D.S.O. ARBITER

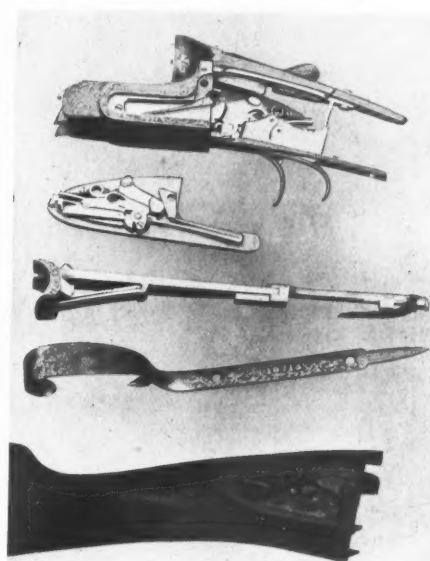
SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

NOT A BEST, BUT A VERY NICE GUN.

ONE of the most difficult things thoroughly to understand in connection with firearms is wherein lies the justification for the price of a high-class specimen as compared with that of a cheaper quality. And although we are completely convinced that the highest relative value goes with the largest cost, even those who have spent their lives in producing best guns are not very lucid in their explanations. Engraving is, apparently, a small item and so decorative, even when of mediocre quality, that nobody would be without it; anyhow, its absence would be regretted in any plainly finished gun of really good quality. The sweet working, fine balance and durability arguments are well known; but in many a sportsman's mind dwells a longing for the gun which concentrates on essentials, good to look at by non-expert eyes, and durable in a reasonable sense, that is, from one's own point of view while disregarding sons and grandsons. With a view to further confusing rather than elucidating the problem, I present herewith illustrations of a gun concerning which a notice was promised without it ever having been seen by myself or anyone acting on my behalf. The maker is Rowland Watson of Whittall Street, Birmingham—not, perhaps, one of the celebrities of the trade, but the present-day representative of a line of gunmakers which proudly exhibits "Established 1723" on their letter heading. The gun which was to have been sent, was their best, price £60; but, as the only specimen in a sufficiently advanced state for submission had been despatched "on appro." to a prospective customer, the second quality, as here illustrated, was sent instead. Though its price is but £45, it is constructed throughout on approved side-lock lines—in a word, the system of design which, in my opinion, should be universally followed wherever the price permits. Excluding from argument the under-and-over and also Purdey's variation in the system of cocking, we may regard this design as the surviving fittest of a vast assortment of ancestral alternatives. Its outstanding features are well known to sportsmen, and they are prepared to take such a gun on trust, also, inferentially, its owner. Every step in the ladder of price produces some item of extra care in production or, maybe, of material. Confusion arises if we attempt to list and value

been left till a later stage is not apparent. The locks appear to be of sound quality, not laboriously finished, and—marvellous to relate—share with very best guns the objectionable feature of interceptor sears. As regards jointing, the breech is at the



SOME OF THE COMPONENT PARTS.

moment a good close fit, though here, as in other items, the test which counts is after hardening and final adjustment. The ejectors are of the modern two-piece roll-over type and quite efficient in action. All told, I should consider the gun a creditable piece of work: by all seemings excellent value for the price set upon the complete article, and certainly a weapon which appeals to the eye. The separate illustration of the component parts will supply an idea of the amount of detail comprised in what, after all, is a simple exterior. When this examination had been completed the more costly model was forwarded, but beyond satisfying myself that it is very much the same as the one under notice, only more so, I made no attempt at detailed examination. Mr. Watson, in answer to an enquiry, sent a very long letter which attempted to specify the differences between the two grades; but, as is usual in such cases, the extras may be summarised in the one word "conscience." Birmingham may certainly feel proud of an accomplishment such as either gun represents; and although London remains on its pedestal of superlative excellence, and is supreme in those items which are more especially built up by direct contact with the most experienced among sportsmen, the Midland centre of production constantly proves that it numbers in its ranks exemplars of the true art of gunmaking backed by very good handicraft. You cannot talk in crude commercial terms about guns, but among purchasers there are those who are bound to look at price while also admiring form, and it is to these that a well conceived and substantially produced whole at a commercial price appeals.

THE FORESTRY OF SHOOTING.

In my opinion we tell ourselves so often that the gamekeeper is everything that several very important auxiliary services are liable to get overlooked. The keeper is mainly responsible for producing the birds and, on shooting days, for showing them to the guns. Natural conditions he takes as he finds them, but, like all members of the class to which he belongs, he is not free with suggestions for outside effort. His work is judged by the bag, but the bag and the sport it denotes are often depreciated by obstinately flying birds or those which refuse the effort. Nobody has closely analysed the causes which promote free forward flight by driven birds, nor similarly those which induce sluggish rising. What is certain is that on many a shoot a man detached from gamekeeping duties for the clearing of tangles would add more to the season's sport than if engaged on intensive production of its material. Especially is this true in these days of contracted boundaries and unsportsmanlike neighbours. A man who runs away may live to fight another day, but the pheasant which crouches in the undergrowth or otherwise makes good its escape is a very doubtful future asset. Nothing is more gratifying than to see the increased interest which is being taken in rearing; but, before the full return on such expenditure can be shown, new planting, so far as possible, and discriminating pruning certainly should be carried out with all the energy that circumstances permit.



EXTERIOR VIEW AROUND THE ACTION.

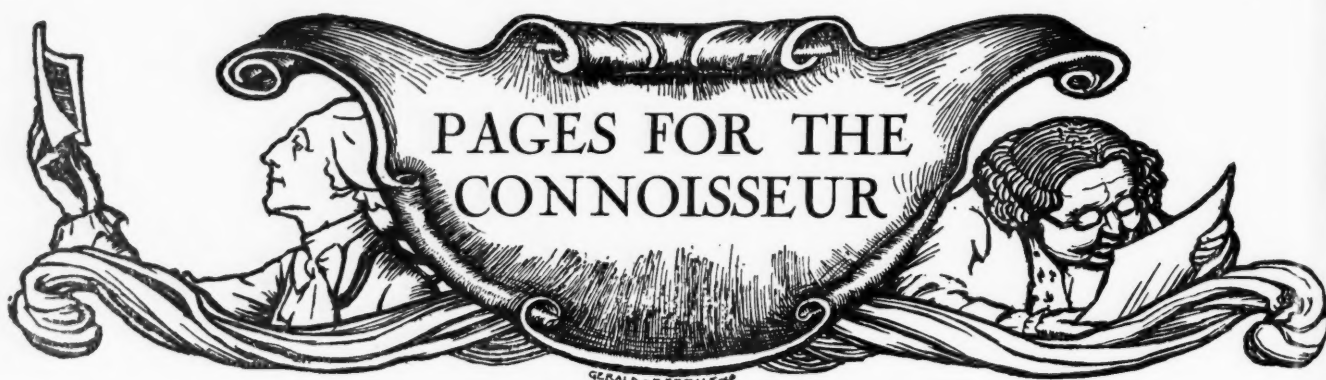
them separately in terms of working efficiency, but, subject to the general rule to get the best gun you can afford, an addendum might certainly be added: above all things let it be a side-lock.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.

This particular gun, which is numbered 10714, analyses out as follows:

Weight of Barrels (30 inch)	2 lb.	13.2 oz.
" Stock and Action	3	6.4
" Fore-end	6.7
			6	10.3

Thus, it duly carries out the sporting requirements of medium lightness, while balance enjoys the benefit of the 9.2 oz. by which the stock and action outweigh the barrels. Perhaps, the stock itself would be all the better for a little reduction, but that is going into niceties rather outside the present discussion. As the gun is in the "white," or unhardened, condition, its details of adjustment are unripe for final judgment; but the general quality of work already in evidence supplies no material for radical criticism. Some of the screws, properly speaking "pins," are deficient in worm, and this is a matter to which I would direct the maker's attention. The chambers are true to gauge and of nice shape, especially the rim recesses, which at the moment are a trifle shallow. The striker projection is less than normal, in fact appears deficient, but whether final adjustment has



A LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CAPITAL LEVY.—CARVED LACQUER.

THE hanging lamp was a necessity and comes down to us from old times, for the chandelier is but another form of it. The associations of the lamp suspended from on high have somehow become identified with religious observances, and the lamp itself is revered as the medium for producing a dim religious light—the light of mysticism and a symbol in itself. In the East, lamps of the mosques are most beautiful and holy objects. In the West our surviving ancient lamps are generally of metal, and these are very rare. We illustrate a very fine and exceedingly rare silver hanging lamp of King Charles II's reign.

It is circular and of beautiful profile. The spreading rim, decorated with acanthus foliage swells out from the neck into a wide body which recedes in ovolo shape to merge into a smaller basin. The bowl is embossed and chased with cherub's masks and wings and leaves; there is a fine range of acanthus leaves under the neck, and in the background there are finely chased spirals with indented ends. In the lower part the chief features are a band of foliage, flowers and ties, and acanthus leaves springing from the narrow stem, a slightly compressed sphere and a ring.

The handles, of which there are three, are formed by very graceful caryatid figures clothed in foliage and placed on scrolls attached to the bowl. Resting against their heads and on the rim are graceful foliated scrolls of recumbent S-shape. To their outer extremities are linked three fine double chains, which fit into rings in the cupola. The latter feature is richly decorated with acanthus and, passing into a narrow neck, is surmounted by a sphere and ring for suspension. The height from the top ring to the lower is 24 ins., while the lamp weighs 44 oz. 8 dw. It is fully hall-marked, the maker's mark being the crowned monogram W.M., and bears the date-letter for 1677. It is the property of Mr. Walter Willson.

About this time and some years later there were a few political happenings which are rather interesting in the present situation. One of these was the Capital Levy of Charles II: so that the present idea is not original. The London goldsmiths had advanced about £1,300,000 to the King, at 8 or 10 per cent. interest on the security of the public funds. Almost without notice they had a Royal message to the effect that they must content themselves with the interest as the capital would not be repaid. The effect was disastrous, and suggestive of the jeremiads concerning the effect of the Capital Levy of the present day. Then the new term "Trimmer" came to be applied to a politician who stood between the extremists of the two great political parties, but belonged to neither. Further, in the embittered debates on the Bill to exclude James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, from the throne, the terms "Whig" and "Tory" were brought into being by the successors of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers. One hears the name of Whig seldom now, but Tory is rampant in both Labour and Liberal language. Things were different when this old lamp was young.

How much the prospect of unsettled Government will affect the prices for works of art is not yet evident, for the "little season" was advanced when the election came.

At Christie's, the wonderful peep-show—a rectangular cabinet, the interior painted with the representation of a Dutch apartment in perspective, on the walls and floor, by Samuel Van Hoogstraten—caused much excitement, and was knocked down to Mr. Langton Douglas at £283 10s. It is regrettable that this *tour de force* in perspective was not acquired for some

public collection. It was illustrated and described in these pages in COUNTRY LIFE, December 15th, and was formerly the property of the late Sir Henry H. Howarth.

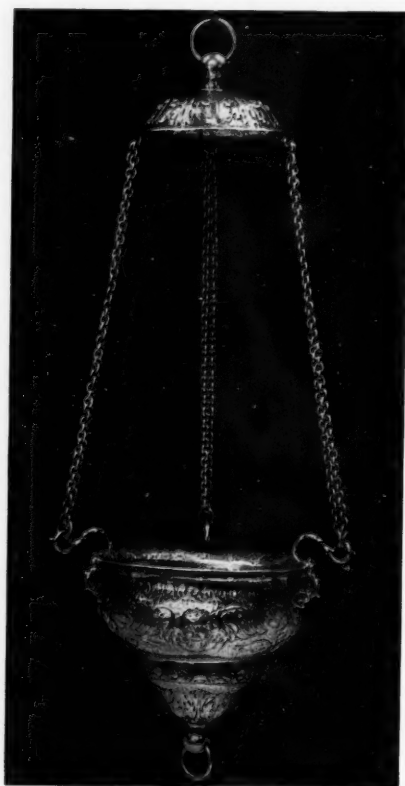
The sale of the collection of fine English mezzotints belonging to Mr. Fritz Reiss provided some surprises and one record in the price paid for any English mezzotint. This was attained by the print of the Ladies Waldegrave, engraved by Valentine Green, after the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which, after a stiff fight, was knocked down to Mr. Arthur-ton at £3,045. A similar print in recent years reached £2,132, at which price it was acquired by one of the chief bidders on the present occasion—Messrs. Ellis and Smith. The sale amounted to £8,401, some of the more prominent items being: "Mrs. Mathew," by

Price," by the same, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, £462 (Agnew); and "Mary Duchess of Ancaster," by James McArdell, after T. Hudson, £115 5s. (Ellis and Smith).

In Messrs. Sotheby's three-day sale of the library of dramatic literature formed by the late Mr. H. F. House, there will appear, in addition to those described in these pages in our issue of December 15th, editions of the English dramatists which are greatly prized by collectors, and a good many works by standard authors and books in general literature. As an example of the collector's indefatigable spirit we have no fewer than the first eight editions of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," from 1621 to 1676, as well as the very scarce book which is supposed to have influenced Burton in writing it, "Dr. Timothy Bright's A Treatise of Melancholie," a fine copy of a rare work. Considerable interest centres in the manuscript plays of which there are "Don Phoebo's Triumph," 1645, by Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmorland; and "Candia Restaurata," 1640, with corrections in the hand of the same; "The Cure of Pride or Every one in their Way," an alteration or adaptation of Massinger's play, "The City Madam"; and George Digby, Earl of Bristol's, "Elvira, or the Worst not always True," and "Fenisa, or the Ingenious Mayde"; all of the seventeenth century. Arber's "Transcript of the Stationers' Register," 1554-1640; Genist's "History of the Stage," the Dictionary of National Biography, the Cambridge History of English Literature and other important works of reference are included in the library. Recently, Messrs. Sotheby obtained £185 (Messrs. Spink) for an old Chinese group of Show-lao, seated on a water-buffalo, with an attendant, in jade.

The largest collection of carved Chinese lacquer in the world is at present on exhibition in the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Sons, King Street, St. James's. This form of lacquer consists of a number of layers of coloured lacquer on a foundation of wood or metal and carved so that the layers show a different colour in much the same fashion as a cameo. Some time ago, in another exhibition, Messrs. Spinks showed the wonderful throne of the Emperor Kien-Lung, which was acquired from them by an art-lover for presentation to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it is now displayed. It is, perhaps, the largest piece of carved lacquer of its period in the world.

In their present exhibition, Messrs. Spink show many masterpieces in this, the most subtle of all Chinese crafts. There is a most entrancing pair of Imperial vases (gins. high, in red and brown lacquer, the body of each covered with a floral pattern of partly conventional, partly naturalistic design, upon which are placed fishes, vases and other details of symbolic import. The shoulder and neck are decorated with a band and panels containing key patterns in line, while the shape of the whole vase is inexpressibly beautiful. Another item is a wall vase carved in rich red lacquer with a band of floral scrolling and characters in a circular medallion on the body, which is decorated also in leaf pattern and bands of other ornament. The base is in black lacquer. Greater variety of colour is shown in a fine octagonal *jardiniere* on which are landscapes in buff, green and red with black borders. There are very rare trays and an infinitude of articles of great beauty and usefulness: for many of these are adaptable, with little or no alteration, for use as trinket boxes, toilet caskets, cabinets, trays, tea caddies, cigarette boxes and many other things. D. VAN DE GOOTE.



A CHARLES II SILVER LAMP.

William Dickinson, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., in first state, £220 10s. (Colnaghi); "Mrs. Pelham," by the same, after the same, £210 (Agnew); "Master Seymour Conway," by Edward Fisher, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, £120 15s. (Messrs. Ellis and Smith); "Miss Sarah Campbell," by Valentine Green, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, £63 (Daniell); "Lady Elizabeth Compton," by the same, after the same, £346 10s. (Leggatt); "Lady Caroline Howard," by the same, after the same, £157 5s. (Agnew); "Mrs. William Hope," by G. H. Hodges, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, £304 10s. (Agnew); "Mrs. Davenport," by John Jones, after G. Romney, £462 (Colnaghi); "Miss Kemble in a black dress," by the same, after the same, £84 (F. Sabin); "Lady Caroline